

SMASH

HITS



SIMPLE MINDS
IRON MAIDEN

BOYSTOWN GANG

UB40

HIT SONGS BY
THE JAM
DIRE STRAITS
SHALAMAR
& MANY MORE

Mari Wilson

the

BITTEREST PILL

(I Ever Had To Swallow)

In your white lace and your wedding veil
You took the picture of someone new
But from the embracing feel who believed you
I wish this grave would open up and swallow me now

For the bitterest pill is hard to swallow
The love I gave hangs in sad coloured morning shadows

When the wheel of fortune broke you fell to me
Out of grey skies to change my misery
The vacant spot, your beating heart took its place
Now I watch smoke leave my lips and fill an empty space

For the bitterest pill is hard to swallow
The love I gave hangs in sad coloured morning shadows

The bitterest pill is mine to take
But if I took it for a hundred years
I couldn't feel any more ill
The bitterest pill is mine to take
If I took it for a hundred years
I couldn't feel any more ill
Yeah, yeah, yeah

New autumn's breeze blows summer's leaves through my life
Twisted and broken down, no days with sunlight
The dying spark, you left your mark on me
The promise of your kiss but with someone else

For the bitterest pill is mine to swallow
The love I gave hangs in sad coloured morning shadows

The bitterest pill is mine to take
If I took it for a hundred years
I couldn't feel any more ill
The bitterest pill is mine to take
If I took it for a hundred years
I couldn't feel any more ill, yeah, yeah

The bitterest pill is mine to take
But if I took it for a hundred years
I couldn't feel any more ill
The bitterest pill is mine to take
But if I took it for a hundred years
I couldn't feel any more ill, yeah, yeah

Words and music by Paul Weller
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the jam

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Who

Likes

Jazz?

via vagabond



Erica Gimpel as Coco.

As Doris in the all-singing, all-dancing television smash, *Fame*, Valerie Landsburg is plumper than an aspiring dancer should be and lacks the smouldering good looks of Coco (Erica Gimpel), whose bounce and verve Doris would love to have.

They say fame is only an illusion, and it must be, because in real life, Valerie is slimmer and prettier than her slightly awkward television character. Settling back in a plush chair in the bar of a quietly luxurious London hotel, she sips at a large brandy and yawns. "I should think so too. I'm fifteen pounds lighter than when I did the show and I'm prettier because I've got him." She points to her willowy, blond boyfriend James. The runaway success of *Fame* has brought Valerie to London on a promotional visit and in three days she's done thirty six interviews, plus several personal appearances, not counting radio shows. Revived a little by the brandy, the yawns come less frequently and she feels awake enough to slip outside for a quick photo session, which has hardly begun before a Cockney cabbie pounces on her demanding an autograph, "for me daughter, like."

"C'mon, they all say that," laughs Valerie. "It's for you, isn't it?" An uncharacteristic, embarrassed grin spreads across his face and he nods as she signs for him. When the cabbies know you, that's fame.

The TV series was adapted from Alan Parker's 1980 film of the same name, which chronicled four years in the life of talented young students at New York's High School For The Performing Arts. It was a box office smash and membership applications began pouring into dance classes around the world, from hopefuls inspired by the film.

The first episode of the small screen version introduced viewers to a new batch of students, supported by three faces from the original movie. Albert Hague recreates his crusty but kindly Professor Shorofsky, Lee Curreri remains in the role of keyboard wizard Bruno, and Gene Anthony Ray, whose dance sequences in the original made Michael Jackson look like Buster Bloodvessel, was the only possible choice to play the streetwise, moody, Leroy.

Finding the rest of the cast was

achieved by mounting a massive search across America, with hundreds of auditions and talent scouts scouring schools and colleges for anything in ballet pumps and tights. Literally thousands of talented youngsters were auditioned, and Valerie Landsburg knows she was lucky to land one of the seven student roles.

Unlike many of the *Fame* cast, Valerie considers herself an actress first, dancer second, and grew up in a showbiz family in Hollywood. "Drama was the only class I ever took seriously at school." An interest in psychology took her away from the bright lights until she was offered a part in the film *Thank God It's Friday*, after which *Fame* was only a few steps ahead.

Her London trip was slotted in during a break between recording episodes of the second season of *Fame*. "It takes seven days to shoot each episode. We've just done eight in row and when I go back we'll do eight more. I'm not even sure if I'll get a break for Christmas, because

the price of *Fame*

For a start you have to get up at five in the morning. Then there's all that dancing and singing to do. Valerie Landsburg, who plays Doris in TV's most popular series, explains what goes into it. Johnny Black gets tired just listening.

only one of our directors can work as fast as the show demands. All the others run late."

During recording, Valerie can be expected on set from six in the morning until eleven at night. "I get up at five, and have a shower to wake me. It takes about ten minutes to get from my house on the beach to the studio. . . ." "Clever dick geographers who have just realised that there is no beach in New York, where *Fame* supposedly takes place, will be interested to know that, while some exterior shots are done in the Big Apple, most of the shooting is studio-bound in Los Angeles almost three thousand miles away.

Arriving at the studio, she's straight into make-up. "It's nothing like my usual make-up. They do my blusher very flat so I get a cherubic, cheeky look. Just a trace of mascara and a lipstick that almost matches my original lipcolour." Turning Valerie into Doris also involves turning her hair into an unruly mess, and the whole process takes about half an hour, after which she snatches a few minutes sleep, lying on a bench, flat on her back to be sure not to disturb the make up. "I've made a religion out of cat-napping. I can snap out like a light for anything from five to twenty five minutes between scenes."

If additional exterior scenes are required, the *Fame* crew uses an area of downtown Los Angeles which looks almost as ravaged as New York. "Kojak always did that too," she announces, shattering another long cherished illusion. Filming in the streets creates its own problems as she discovered one day while she and Gene Anthony Ray were standing on a street corner trading black jokes and Jewish jokes. Suddenly she became aware of a crowd gathering behind them and turned to see over twenty black faces, who thought she was insulting Gene, glowering at her. "Gene just grinned and said 'You better drag your little white butt outta here, right now'. So I did."

Last year, she managed to get five days holiday and, although she appreciates the opportunity the show gives her, she feels she can be pushed too hard. "By the end of last season I looked like Keith Richards on a bad day. One time I was so exhausted, I wandered around the house trying to remember what I was supposed to do. Then I remembered. I wanted to go to the bathroom. That's how bad it can get."

Filming hard and fast means that, to some extent, the show has to run to a formula, which usually involves having two plots in each episode. In the first season these were used to introduce the viewers to the characters in more detail, with one plot revolving around a misunderstanding between two of the main performers, which is always resolved into a happy ending. "In the next season, you'll find we have more

Continues over . . .



Gene Anthony Ray as Leroy.

Valerie Landsburg limbers up in London.



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R

I

O

★ ON TOUR

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31 GLASGOW, Apollo - £4.50/£4, tel. 041 332 9221†

NOVEMBER

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4 LONDON, Hammermith Odeon - £4.75/£4.25, tel. 01-748 4063/2
5 MANCHESTER, Apollo - £4.50/£4, tel. 061 273 3333
6 MANCHESTER, Apollo - £4.50/£4, tel. 061 273 3333
8 LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall - £4.50/£4, tel. 0533 344444
9 LIVERPOOL, Empire - £4.50/£4, tel. 051 709 1533
10 LIVERPOOL, Empire - £4.50/£4, tel. 051 709 1533
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16 LONDON, Hammermith Odeon - £4.75/£4.25, tel. 01-748 4063/2
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20 SOUTHAMPTON, Gascoyne - £4.50/£4, tel. 0703 29280
21 SOUTHAMPTON, Gascoyne - £4.50/£4, tel. 0703 29280
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*Tickets available from Virgin (Britain), Spillers (Castell)
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Tour presented by Derek Block Concert Promotions
(† in association with Regalpa Music)



the price of *Fame*

From
previous page.

ambiguous endings, which I like better. Also the character of Doris is changing, partly because of the way I've changed."

With luck, filming will end about seven in the evenings, but it can run much later, for which she is paid "A lot less than you might expect, because we're almost all virtually unknowns with hardly any TVQ." An inkling of what TVQ (Television Quotient) really means is best judged by the fact that Larry Hagman, J.R. in Dallas, has barrels of it. Valerie isn't keen to reveal what she earns, but she does mention that Alan Alda, Hawkeye in *M.A.S.H.*, who gets a measly \$200,000 per episode (and they shoot about 22 each year), "earns more in a week than I do in a year."

If she gets home before eight, she cooks dinner for James and anyone else who might be around. "I love cooking, but I never wash up. Usually the guitarist in James' band does it." After dinner, James McVay and the band (working under the inspired title of The James McVay Band) go off to work, leaving Valerie to soak in the tub, with a glass of wine, listening to Mozart or some relaxing jazz. "I'm saving up for a hot-tub like my father's. A huge wooden tub with water-jets in it, and a built-in stereo. It sits outside on his back porch, overlooking the Pacific Ocean."

Then she collapses into bed with a book, music and the television on with the sound off. "I don't watch much, because that's what I've been doing all day long." Round about two o'clock James gets home and, after a cup of hot cocoa, they read Enid Blyton books and play I-SPY. Or did I pick that hit up wrong, Valerie?

Although the show is popular in America, its success has been even greater here, partly because it has had a captive audience, following on from *Top Of The Pops*, and partly because we have so few channels running in competition. "Usually, in America, we're up against seven other channels. *Mork And Mindy* on one, *Magnum* on another, mid-week movie on another, and there's generally something good on the cable channels too."

Spurred on by the success of the show, the BBC album of music from *Fame* has spent the last month at number one, achieving a platinum disc, while The Kids From *Fame* single jostles for chart placings with Irene Cara's theme from the original film.

Naturally, Valerie fitted an appearance on *Top Of The Pops* into her hectic schedule. "I loved that dance group, Zoo, because they're much better than the dancers on *Solid Gold*, which is our rip-off from *Top Of The Pops*. All

those punky looking boys in Zoo came up and hugged me and told me how much they like *Fame*. I hadn't realised that punk had become just a fashion thing in England, because in America it's still a whole lifestyle." Obviously she hasn't run across The Exploited yet, but let's not hold that against her.

At the moment, with *Fame* and *Top Of The Pops*, the BBC has Thursday night sewn up but it will be interesting to see if

either show suffers in the ratings war as a result of the decision to move *Fame* to a Wednesday night slot. If nothing else, the move should please one group of North London dance students whose lives were made miserable by the fact that, because their lessons took place on Thursday evenings, they were never able to see the only show on television they really cared about. Still, there's always *Come Dancing*...

When the cab drivers ask for your autograph that's fame.



PH: WIGGINTON



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12 MAG 234, in
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SHAKATAK



Invitations

WITH A FLEETING SMILE BELOW THE LAZY EYES
AND A FACE THAT'S NOT ATTEMPTING TO DISGUISE
IT'S AN OPEN INVITATION SHOWING ALL THE SIGNS
SAMPLE MY SUPPLY

AND THE FINGERS TOUCH HER HAND BELOW THE LACE
SHE SUGGESTS A LATER TIME ANOTHER PLACE
HE ACCEPTS HER INVITATION
WHY NOT SPEND SOME TIME
WRITTEN ON HER FACE

THE STILLETO HEELS GO CLICKING THROUGH HIS HEAD
WITH THE GLOSSY INVITATION HE MISREAD
AND YOU'D THINK HE COULDN'T FAIL TO READ BETWEEN
THE LINES
PLAYS THE FOOL INSTEAD

INVITATIONS
INVITATIONS

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THE LINES
PLAYS THE FOOL INSTEAD

INVITATIONS
INVITATIONS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. SHARPE/R. ODELL
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ON POLYDOR RECORDS



Give me some kinda MAGIC

I was a young man choosing to be alone
You were a young girl breaking out on your own
It's the change you made in me
And your smile can make me see
That it's easy to try
When I know that you're taking me high
(You take me higher and higher with your magic)

Chorus

You give me some kind of magic
And I don't wanna lose my hold on you
You give me some kind of magic
Cause you set me alight when I'm close to you
(It shows)

No good pretending don't wanna be alone
(Don't want to be on my own)
With you beside me we're making our house our home
(We're going to make our house our home)
It's the way you look at me

Cause you set my spirits free
And it's easy to try
When I know that you're taking me high
(You take me higher and higher with your magic)

Repeat chorus

Thinking of you girl I always do
You take up all my time
Cause you make me strong
And your magic lingers on
(You take me high so high)

Repeat chorus to fade

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"I CAN'T HELP IT"

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NEW SINGLE
DOUBLE "A" SIDE
AVAILABLE ON 12"



"LET ME KNOW"



Tears For Fears

mad world

The new single available on 7" & 12"



Seen shouting at pedestrians on London's Oxford Street are the Captain and Dolly Mixture. They were supposedly "promoting their wares" from the decks of the SS Sensible. God bless this ship and all that sell in her.



Spot the difference? Yes, yes, Steve's traded in the hunky headband 'n' loincloth look for the last word in leisurewear but that's not what we had in mind. The suntan's gone? Warmer. They've ditched the safari suits? True, but look at what's inside them. You noticed! The one on the left's the old **Tight Fit**; the one on the right's the new one. It's a fact: when fun-loving brunette Denise Gyngell and blonde Julie Harris (left) suggested a pay rise for their services they were instantly swapped for equally fun-loving brunette Carol Stevens and blonde Vicki Pemberton (right). Lucky we told you, really.

the PICTURES

Step forward Musical Youth. The name could hardly be more apt. Moving from left to right, Junior (drums) is 15, Patrick (standing and on bass) 14, Kelvin (guitar) 11, Dennis (vocals) 16 and Michael (keyboards) 13. They come from Birmingham, have been together about a year, signed recently to MCA and slipped out a single, "Pass The Dutchie", a couple of weeks ago. And it's single of the week





Photo: Peter Anderson

Jim Kerr and I have just started talking over a cup of tea in London's Hyde Park, when a girl comes rushing up.

"Excuse me. Me and my friends have had a bet. I reckon you're from Ultravox and they don't. Are you?"

"Yeah, I am," Jim replies.

"Can I have your autograph then please?"

"No, I'm not really," Jim points at me. "He is though."

The girl looks uncertainly between us. "Can I have both your autographs then please?"

"Actually," Jim continues, "I'm from Roxy Music."

Deciding she's not going to get any sense out of this mystery man, the girl shakes her head and rejoins her friends. She knows she's seen him somewhere . . .

"It's not the first time that's happened," Jim chuckles. His parents once saw Ultravox's Billy Currie on *Whistle Test* and were convinced it was their son. Now you come to mention it, the resemblance is striking.

Jim's in quite a good mood this sunny afternoon, despite having spent all morning in the bath doing phone interviews for Australian magazines. Simple Minds are going to tour there shortly. Before that they're visiting Finland, and afterwards, hopefully, India.

They've just finished work on their fifth album, "New Gold Dream", from which the single "Glittering Prize" is taken. Jim's proud of it.

"I wouldn't knock the last two albums, but they have got one atmosphere all the way through. With this one we've nine or ten songs that stand up on their own."

"I'd also like to think that we've got songs that would sound good on the radio or in a disco or on a Walkman. I think it's important that it works on different levels."

Jim likes the term "ambient dance music" that I come up with to describe their recent material, and he's pleased that I spot certain rhythmic similarities with American avant-garde composer Philip Glass. Simple Minds listen to him a lot, apparently, and both John Lackie — one of their earliest producers — and the current man at the controls Pete Walsh are "Philip Glass freaks".

"But we're nowhere near as technical as we often get credited for. All the rhythm patterns come from playing about. When something happens we just tape it and it becomes the seeds of a song."

They've also been making a couple of videos to tide British audiences over in their absence.

"We're learning with videos, but there's still quite a lot of paranoia because of the cost

A BIT OF A Dreamer

involved and because it's still a fairly young thing. It's come so far so soon, and already it's cliché-ridden."

Jim sighs. He's been working hard recently.

"This year's gone so fast! Every day has just whizzed past. I can't believe it's September already. Is it September? (He glances out over the park) I have to look at the trees to tell."

"But I don't know, for years we seem to have been planting seeds, and now it's all coming right up—here, in Europe, Canada, Australia—and suddenly there's a million and one things to do."

Jim Kerr's a thoughtful, likeable bloke. He's a bit of a dreamer, as he'd be the first to admit, and sees nothing wrong with that. He's also a realist who finds the work endlessly fascinating and is happy to talk about any and every subject.

Our conversation in the sun goes on for about two hours, taking in everything from riots and assassination to movies and movies about. Here are some excerpts:

Do you think you'll ever reach a point where you'd feel you could retire?

"I don't think so. I feel I do to day rest. I'm tired, as in I feel most things in the world—everything... everything material. Other days I might wish I had everything just so I could give it away."

You seem to enjoy travelling.

"Yeah, I do. I love it. People say you must get tired of touring, but there's a lot of educational things you can get out of it if you keep your ears and eyes open."

"I go out on my own when we're abroad and if anyone asks what I do I never say I'm in a band. Anything but that. You can make things up. People who meet in bars can turn out to be the greatest philosophers in the world."

"Often we've been in cities where there've been great events. We were in New York when Reagan was shot. We were also

That's how Jim Kerr describes himself. Dave Rimmer discusses just about everything under the sun with the voice of Simple Minds.

in the States when the hostages came back. These are really exciting times we live in. It was the same all through Europe: turmoil everywhere. I'm fascinated by it all.

"I still get this incredible rush when I cross borders. Travelling by car I get into thinking about all kinds of things. If I see a house I think about what the person who built it might have been like, what his life was, or what it might have been like, and how it would have been staying there 20 or 30 years ago. Interesting thoughts and pictures happen, and I write them down."

Do you go home often?

"If I have the time. I haven't been there this year since Easter. But we were playing in Germany a few months ago and I took my Dad out there for a few days. It was great. He didn't blink an eye at some of the things that were going on."

"I like to keep in touch because this thing could stop next year, you never know, and it's nice to know I could go back there. I

love them a lot, and they let me know what's going on. My mother works in a sweet shop and all the schoolkids come in and tell her what they think of the new record."

"My Dad works on building sites. Most of the band did that too at the start, to get money to buy equipment. At that time there was a lot of work in Glasgow."

"We've always had an Art School tag which I didn't mind but I thought was really funny. I don't even think there's an art school in Glasgow. If there is they certainly wouldn't have us."

"It's funny, in Glasgow there's a lot of unemployment. Now I don't know if it's a good thing or a bad thing, but people are fed up because they haven't any money, but there aren't many people saying they wished the factories or shipyards would open up again. Everyone wants to do

something with a bit more self-expression. That's great, but I don't know if it can work really..."

Hobbies?

"Only movies. I value seeing movies and actors more than I value listening to albums or other bands. I love people like Jack Nicholson and Robert DeNiro. I'd rather go and see DeNiro than I would David Bowie or David Byrne to be honest. When people ask me about my influences, I can't talk about musical ones unless I mention films as well."

What's "Glittering Prize" about?

"It's about getting a glimpse of something and going out on a chase for it against all the odds. If you're after something, or something's really beckoning, just go for it."

"Sometimes I'm not sure what a lot of our songs are about. I'm not sure what I'm searching for. Is it a theory? Is it a person? Is it a God? Is it a new pair of shoes?"

Do you meet many other people in bands?

"I never used to, and I didn't really like it when people started talking shop. But this year, we've met a lot of bands and done a lot of talking. It's good. There's been no snobbery or bitching. It's all people our age from the Martin Frys to the Julian Copes, and although we're all doing different things, our backgrounds are almost identical. You talk about favourite albums and favourite films, and it all links up."

"There's a new realism just now in the pop world. I hope it gets even more realistic as it goes on. I don't mean everybody wants to be like the man in the street—it's always good to have oddballs around—but if you sit in our hotel and listen to bands talking, it's like being in a band in a respectable profession these days."

"When kids go up to their

parents and say 'I want to be in a band', their parents should say 'why, son, that's great!'"

Would you describe yourself as a dreamer?

"Yeah. There's a line in the film *Fitzcarraldo*: 'Only dreamers can move mountains.' I thought that was great. Dreamers have got a bad reputation, people say 'he's a dreamer, he'll never do anything.' You really need courage to dream."

Where would you like to be by the time you're 40?

"I really don't know. It's taken us quite a time to get where we are now, and in the meantime so many young faces have come, had hits, and gone. We're really wary of that."

"On the one hand we do want all that can come, but on the other I'm not sure about the duties of being a so-called public figure. I'd like to be just a bit more private about it. I haven't got a flat or a girlfriend right now because I keep thinking if I do then I'll blend out and get really settled and it'll show in what I do. I'm scared of that."

"I'm really glad we've got the nervous energy and urgency we've got now. I still feel there's a lot of confusion inside me—healthy confusion. I see signs of that burning out, then I'll start looking at the future and what I'm going to do."

"You know, in three years we've done five albums—six if you count the compilation. In a few years it'll be ten. It makes us sound like Genesis or someone."

As Jim chuckles quietly to himself over that comparison, the band of autograph hunters who made our acquaintance earlier get up to go.

"Bye-ee!" they chorus.

"See you," says Jim, and then calls after them: "Vienna!" Sooner or later, they'll realise who they were talking to.

CIMARONS

new single

Big Girls Don't Cry

7" Safe 49 · 12" disco Safe Ls 49

British Tour

SEPTEMBER

FRIDAY 10

SATURDAY 11

WEDNESDAY 15

THURSDAY 16

FRIDAY 17

SATURDAY 18

MONDAY 20

WEDNESDAY 22

THURSDAY 23

FRIDAY 24

MONDAY 27

THURSDAY 30

OCTOBER

FRIDAY 1

SATURDAY 2

WEDNESDAY 4

THURSDAY 7

FRIDAY 8

SATURDAY 9

MONDAY 11

FRIDAY 15

SATURDAY 16

SUNDAY 17

WHITHOUSE, WHITENAVEN, CUMBRIA

STARS BAR, HADDERSFIELD

INISTERS, COVENTRY

THE LIMIT, SHEFFIELD

THE PIER, CULMTHAY

SMOOTHY, PRESTON

RAFFLES, WOODLESBOURGH

PLAYHOUSE, EDINBURGH

THE MAYFAIR, GLASGOW

CITY OF LIVERPOOL COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL

RISING STAR, BULSTON, N. WOLVERHAMPTON

RACQUELS, BASHLON, ESSEX

COMMUNITY CENTRE, SLOUGH, DUCKINGHAMSHIRE

400, GALLINUM, TORQUAY

MIDDLESEX AND HERTS COUNTRY CLUB, HARROW WEALD

PEACHES, HARWICH

AD LIB, NOTTINGHAM

THE VENUE, LONDON

WESTFIELD COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

CRYSTALS, ROYAL EXETER HOTEL, DOHRNEMOUTH

RHITTY CLUB, MANCHESTER

FAIRDEAL, BRITTON, LONDON



SAFARI

IMAGINATION

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT



In a cold hard world
When you're out on your own
Oh there's a cruel harsh word
You'll get to know
(No one understands)
No one understands
What it's like in misery
All the great demands
Your love has made me
(Made me)

In the heat
In the heat of the night
In the heat
In the heat of the night

As their faces turn
Everywhere that you go
It's the eyes that burn
Right through to your soul
Feel the rhythm of the street
(Rhythm of the street)
A distant scream
From who knows where
Now the picture is complete
Through the dark
And missing scared

In the heat
In the heat of the night
In the heat
In the heat of the night

In the heat
In the heat
In the heat
No one understands
In the heat of the night
In the heat
No one understands

Repeat to fade

Words and music by Steve Jaffe, Tony Swartz, Love, Jimi Hendrix, Graham
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On R&B Records



Adding to the usual torrent of autumn tour dates, **Kevin Rowland & The Dears** **Midnight Runners** are about to set off round the country for a spot of fiddling and accordion playing, and bomp-plucking, etc.

This is to be in with the release of their follow-up to "Come On, Eileen", which has now gone Platinum in Britain (meaning a massive total of 1 million copies sold, a feat last achieved by The Human League's "Don't You Want Me").

The new 45's entitled "Jackie Wilson Said" (a Van Morrison composition taken from the "Too-Rye-Ay" LP) and backed with another LP track, "Let's Make This Precious" (the 12" version comes complete with a third track, "The Sound Of Philadelphia").

For some reason, the itinerary goes under the heading of "The Bridge" and includes on all dates both The Emerald Express and the Sisters Of Scarlet plus a few added extras.

Our **Key** is based upon the nature of the dates. Says he: "We promise a performance"

Dears kick off at the Glasgow Pavilion on September 26, then to the Edinburgh Usher Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Manchester, Tomeside Theatre (30), Southport Theatre (October 1), Llandudno Astra Theatre (2), Birmingham Hippodrome (3), Coventry Apollo (5), Cardiff St. David's Hall (6), Poole Arts Centre (7) and London St. Athelstrey Theatre (9 & 10).

All dates start at 7.30, except Glasgow, Manchester and Birmingham which are 8.30, and London where there'll be two shows both nights — the first at 5.00, the second at 8.30. Tickets vary between £3.50 and £5.50 and can be bought exclusively from the Keith Frowse chain of Booking agents.

Check the venues if you have any queries.

Dust down your zoot suit, put a banana in your hair and start practising tribal rhythms on the hi-suit barrel. On October 3 at Leeds Queens Hall there is a special one day festival which has been christened "Dance Mode 82". The bands that have so far agreed to play are **Kid Creole** and **the Coconut**, **Funkapolitan** and **King Trigger**. Tickets for the showdown are £6.50 and are available by post from Head Music, 1-2 Munro Terrace, London SW10. While on the subject of The Kid, a new single appears on September 27. It's a completely re-mixed version of "The Tropical Gangsters" LP track, "Annie".

Numbers from **Broadway Musicals** have long been a source for singles and **Jennifer Holliday** is latest offering in yet another. And I'm Telling You I'm Not Going" is the name of it, apparently the real tear-jerker in the score for *Dreamgirls*.

The show tells the gruelling tale of an all-girl black vocal troupe trying to Make It Big and all the setbacks they suffer while picking their way through the Showbiz smog-spir. Our girl fanzine eventually gets along out of the group and falls on hard times.

Reports from America suggest that Diana Ross is none too pleased with the content of the story-line, which some think bears an uncanny resemblance to the real-life saga of the Supremes. One of the Supremes, Florence Ballard by name, was elbowed out of the group early in their career and eventually died in great poverty.

The stuff of which great dramas are made. And, occasionally, the odd hit single.



SADDLE SOAP

These New York rapping ensembles get progressively more hizarre. After J Walter Negro And The Loose Jointz, Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five come **Afrika Bambaataa And The Soulsonic Force** whose "Planet Rock" owes a fair debt to Kraftwerk, using as it does large stretches of their "Trans-Europe Express".

Bambaataa, it turns out, means "affectionate leader" in Zulu language. How the rest of the band explain their weird names we don't know. No parent ever christened a child Pow Wow, Emcee G.L.O.B.E. or even Mr Biggs. Well, no sane parent...

Out this week is a new 45 from **Stevie Wonder**, entitled "Ribbon In The Sky". It's yet another of the four new tracks on Stevie's compilation LP, "Original Musiquarium".

Expected mid-October is a new **Ultravox** LP. They've called it "Quartet" and one track, "Reap The Wild Wind", is released as a single on September 17. It was recorded in London and mixed in the exotic island of Montserrat. At the studio controls were two Beate veterans: producer George Martin and engineer Geoff Emerick (who also produced the last **Elvis Costello** LP).

ANTS DELIVER



"In this business you are up and then you are down," muses **David Christie**. He certainly can't complain at the moment. His latest 45, "Saddle Up", is sidling up the charts — slowly but surely.

Mr. C., who says his press release is "blond, under 30, over six foot and a Capricorn", was born and brought up in the French city of Lyon. Hitting his teenage years he moved to Paris where, "you have to be if you want to be in the showbiz". Imagine a dapper Inspector Clouseau and you have the accent.

At 15 he formed a band called Electric ("In France we always take English names") but stayed in obscurity until he met Jack Robinson, a music publisher who had moved from Seattle to Paris.

David would make tapes of their songs in his small four track studio and Jack would hawk them around record companies in America.

Their first taste of success came when disco star Gloria Gaynor recorded "Do It Yourself". After that the duo served up songs for Tina Charles ("I Love To Love", "Love Me Like A Lover"), Grace Jones ("Do Or Die") and, more recently, Frankie ("Strat Your Stuff").

But turning out hits is no easy matter. "You have a lot of songs — maybe 10 out of every 20 — in the garbage," sighs David. Once he finishes his current tour of France on September 15, he'll be writing a new batch.

Paul Weller has been back in the studio again. He's been giving **Apocalypse** (the band formed by jamming fanzine editor, Tony Fletcher) a helping hand on their first single, "Teddy". It should be in your shops this week.

Those in search of a stellar spectacle plus some extremely noisy rock music should attend themselves regularly at the London Planetarium.

Within they'll find the **Laserium**, and inside that a reputedly dazzling laser light show will be beamed to the tune of **Rush's** latest long-playing outing, "Signals".

The show starts on September 16, run for three weeks and will drain the wall of between £1 25 and £2 50.

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Virgin

private investigations

AN EVERYDAY STORY OF PLATINUM PEOPLE STARRING DIRE STRAITS. MARK ELLEN ADDS UP THE ACCOUNTS



Dire Straits (1982) left to right, Alan Clarke, Mark Knopfler, John Illsey and Hal Lindes.

dire straits

PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS

IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME, THE GAME COMMENCES FOR THE USUAL FEE, PLUS EXPENSES
CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION, IT'S IN A DIARY
THIS IS MY INVESTIGATION, IT'S NOT A PUBLIC INQUIRY

I GO CHECKING OUT THE REPORTS, DIGGING UP THE DIRT
YOU GET TO MEET ALL SORTS IN THIS LINE OF WORK
TREACHERY AND TREASON, THERE'S ALWAYS AN EXCUSE FOR IT
AND WHEN I FIND THE REASON, I STILL CAN'T GET USED TO IT

AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AT THE END OF THE DAY
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO TAKE AWAY
A BOTTLE OF WHISKY AND A NEW SET OF LIES
BLINDS ON THE WINDOW AND A PAIN BEHIND THE EYES

SCARRED FOR LIFE, NO COMPENSATION
PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MARK KNOPFLER
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION RONDOUR MUSIC LTD.
CHARLSCOURT LTD. ON VERTIGO RECORDS

"Private Investigations" is none too typical of anyone. That's partly why it's never off the radio which, for a single well over six minutes long, is no mean feat.

Guitarist Hal Lindes can hardly believe their good fortune. "In America," he reflects, "if they played the whole thing on the air they'd have to put a commercial in the middle of it."

For all the song's acoustic string-plucking and husky recitation, it's still got the merest whiff of what's been the hallmark of the Dire Straits' song catalogue for the last four years. The kind of dusky Spanish romeo drifting through backstreets on a balmy summer's night feel much beloved of Straits' mainman Mark Knopfler.

And this formula's paid off. Handsomely. When it first made its tentative outings into the fearsome punk twilight in early '78 their music achieved the type of success that most bands bar the revamped Human League can only ever dream about. There they were — four earnest, serious, painfully unfashionable blokes — churning out rolling American rhythms (the shame!), punctuated with long singing guitar solos (the horror!) and clearly taking pride in the fact that they were real musicians (image it!) at a time when, if you were actually capable of tuning a six-stringed instrument, you'd almost certainly fail the audition.

The quartet were, in short, like nothing else around. All those precious "rock" values that non-punk lovers held so dear Dire Straits preserved intact. And, let's not forget, there were vast numbers of non-punk lovers. Mere weeks after the release of the band's calling-card "Sultans of Swing," they'd been rocketed from downtown Depford to an endless circuit of sold-out European venues and about every ten minutes someone was presenting them with a Gold Disc.

On the crest of this wave, the band were rushed to a sun-drenched island in the Bahamas to record a follow-up album. The first LP, "Dire Straits", was put together on a shoe-string budget; for the second, the foursome were treated as if made out of porcelain. So anxious was their record company to ensure that the boys were in constantly "creative" shape, they even took to flying special food out to them from New York City, a journey of well over 1000 miles. Stuff the expens.

What did it matter? The "Communique" LP sold at such a rate you'd think there must have been bundles of banknotes concealed in each copy. By this time their music was everywhere from jean boutiques to late-night discos.

The third LP repeated the story. Without even the additional push of a

recent hit single, "Making Movies" was snapped up by the truckload when it met the light of day in October '80. The average band would be fairly chuffed to receive one Gold Disc in its lifetime (which in Britain represents 100,000 sales); Dire Straits by this stage had 31 of them. You'd hardly sniff at a Platinum Disc either (300,000 sales in the UK). Dire Straits have 29 of those, too.

Asked to explain the band's phenomenal success, Hal seems lost for words. He relates a tale about Mark Knopfler instead which reveals that in Germany he's regarded as some kind of a God. In one *Garman* magazine they even went to the extrema of printing photos of Knopfler's furniture, as if even this was filled with some kind of mystical significance. "I suppose," Hal ponders, "they're just looking for a key, a clue to the way his mind works. But he doesn't really let you know a lot of the time."

It's no great surprise that Hal's a little vague about the newer face of British pop.

"At least the music in England's a lot more experimental than in most other places," he agrees, but he still seems to judge the competition on the grounds of whether or not they can technically play their instruments.

"Haircut One Hundred are quite a good little band," he concedes. "They're pretty musical. Have I heard the Human League? Well, you can't miss 'em really."

For the rest of the day he's off to make a video for "Private Investigations" and he says he's looking forward to getting back to some playing again. For why?

"Well, I've just had a six month holiday."

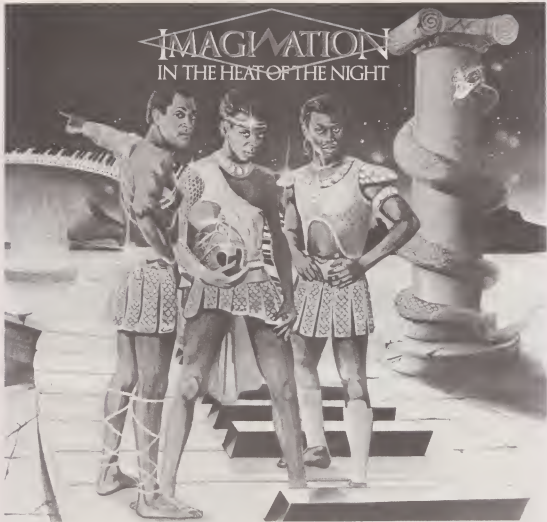
Nice work if you can get it.

The original line-up (1979): Mark Knopfler & Pick Withers (rear) and John Illsey & David Knopfler (front).



IMAGINATION

IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT



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12th Southampton Top Rank
13th Margate Winter Gardens
14th Brighton Centre
15th Reading Hexagon Theatre
16th Coventry Apollo Theatre
17th Liverpool Empire

18th Manchester Apollo
19th Bristol Colston Hall
20th Swansea Top Rank
21st Derby Assembly Rooms
23rd Edinburgh Play House
24th Newcastle City Hall
25th Birmingham Odeon
26th Oxford New Theatre

27th Bournemouth Winter Gardens
29th LONDON DOMINION
30th LONDON DOMINION
October
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3rd LONDON DOMINION
4th LONDON DOMINION

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S

SINGLES

Reviewed by

Dave Ritter



MUSICAL YOUTH: Pox The Dutchie (MCA) Debut from this Birmingham quintet who are quite possibly the youngest reggae group in the world. Apart from singer Dennis who weighs in a little older, they all seem to be around ten, but play better than many "grown-up" groups. This cover of an excellent Mighty Diamonds song — originally it was "koochie" they were passing — boasts some fine youthful "biddy-hidley-bang" toasting and a rock solid rhythm. "This generation," runs the intro, "rules the nation". Don't know that that hoyz, but I love the record.



JOY: State Of Independence (Island) A Jon Anderson/Vangelis song given a slow, soulful treatment by this South African group. Strong female vocals delivered straight from the heart ride over a nicely understated backing. Uplifting.

ADAM ANT: Friend Or Foe (CBS) Bit of a "kitchen sink" record, this. Adam and Marco have chucked everything they can find into it: touches of rockabilly and cowboy, twangy sixties guitar, jungle percussion, other percussion, jazzy sax, and cockney vocals repeating "I want those who get to know me/To become my admirers or my enemies". Confusing.

WENDY AND LEMMY: Stand By Your Man (Bronze) This is in fact that awful Tammy Wynette song, but the lovable lead from Motorhead and the considerably less lovable lady from the Plasmatics deliver it so badly that you'd find it difficult to guess. Possibly the worst cover version of the summer, which is some achievement.

THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS: A Selection Of Songs From... (Crepuscule) A fingerpopping four-track ep from a Scots foursome. Confident vocals from one Louise Ness show Vic Godard up for the second-rate crooner he is, while in the background there's a whole lot of ivory-tinkling going on. At about four minutes a side though, it's a hit of a waste of plastic patting it out on 12".

LIGHT OF THE WORLD: Famous Faces (EMI) A track from their fair-to-middling album "Check Us Out", chiefly notable for a bold and hrasny US re-mix on the 12". Not enough to make them famous yet.

CYNTHIA SCOTT: The X-Boy (Compact) Beefy and bouncy and sung in strong, growly Shirley Bassey fashion by this newcomer to the Compact stable. Quite who or what an "X-boy" is remains unclear. It sounds rude though. Not bad.

THE JAM: The Bitterest Pill (Polydor) Definitely not a cover version, but there's more than a touch of The Small Faces' "Tin Soldier" in the intro. The rest boasts masses of strings, additional vocals by Jennie Belle Star, and precious little melody. There is, however, a cover on the B-side: a hrasny version of "Fever". Come on Weller, you can do better than this!

TELEX: L'Amour Toujours (Interdisc) A few years ago this Belgian hunch produced one of the original futurist faves in the shape of "Moscow Discow". Who knows what they've been up to since then. This is weak in the vocal department, but has some nice electric-rock which would probably sound great on a disco system.



GARY GLITTER: Be My Baby (Bell) While BEP and Joan Jett cover old Glitter songs,

Gaza himself hits back with a version of this old Ronettes song. Producing it himself, he seems unable to decide whether to go for the original Phil Spector "wall of sound" treatment or his own fuzzy-guitars-and-bass-drum sound. The result is half and half and rather dull.

MINNY POPPS: Secret Story (Factory) A dull descending bass line, tuneless vocals and unimaginative drum machine beat makes this about par for the course for these Low Countries Joy Division impersonators. I don't wish to be racist, but one does get the impression that every would-be pop star in Belgium wanders round with furrowed brow imagining themselves to be Deep and Meaningful. Shallow and pointless.

THE BEAT: Jeannette (Go-Fest) This sounds like a competition to see how many words can be made to rhyme with the title (katchenette, laundrette, all set, millionette, Ronette, cigarette, an naturallette etc. etc.) set to a parody of post Beat records with an accordion thrown in for good measure. Best forgotten.

DIANA ROSS: Funky Old Rolls (Motown) Similar to "Driving In My Car" in expressing affection for some rattly old vehicle. But a Rolls Royce? Those of us who'd be proud even to possess a second-hand moped are inclined to jeer at the way Ms Ross seems to consider this a charmingly ordinary car. Not only that, but the tune sounds like something off Sesame Street. Diana's old label never dug this out from the vaults. Who knows what other monstrosities lurk within?

ZAPP: Dance Floor (Warners) Hard, heavy slice of disco with vocoder vocals and a relentless rhythm. Moronic but efficient, and undoubtedly Dance Record of the Fortnight.

THE MOBLES: Partners In Fiction (Rialto) Importantly-sounding but completely meaningless lyrics about being "trapped by illusion" set in a combination of sixties spy theme and pompous ballad. Disgusting, but annoyingly catchy.

CIMARONS: Big Girls Don't Cry (Safari) A Doctor writer: I am often asked by patients, "Doctor, do cover versions constitute a health hazard?" Well, the short answer is no. In normal circumstances, the cover version is perfectly safe. What happens in that the patient takes the record, puts it on what we Doctors call a "sound system", and listens to the resulting noise. However, in certain seasons there can occur a "malignant growth" which can result in high

blood pressure and nervous disorders among those who come into frequent contact with such records. Singles reviewers, for example. If you are concerned about the long-term effects of cover versions, you would be well advised to seek professional medical advice.

ELVIS COSTELLO: From Head To Toe (F-Beat) Even Elvis seems to have caught the cover version fever. Who knows, maybe it'll get him his first hit for ages. This is a refreshingly simple treatment of an old Smokey Robinson track based around drum-beat and piano. Nothing special.

JACK LEE: Hanging On The Telephone (Disclexia) Oh no, I hear you moan, that's a Blondie song — another cover version. Wrong. Jack Lee wrote the thing, Blondie's was the cover, and this is the original — previously unreleased and now nearly nine years old. Bet you it gets radio play because people think it is a cover though. Apart from Alaskan Lee's vocals, this differs little from the one you know.



RICK JAMES: Hard To Get (Motown) Mr James is a funk person who dresses like a Heavy Metalizer. This thumps along fairly monotonously while Ricky decides to pursue a member of the opposite sex. Whoever the young lady unfortunate enough to be the object of his inflections is, I for one hope she gets away.

PETER STRAKER: Zoo (Rocket); PATRICK COWLEY FEATURING SYLVESTER: Do Ya Wanna Funk (Megatone) Two gay disco stalwarts with two very different kettle of trout. Straker, more usually a purveyor of 100mph disco, opts for a self-important ballad penned by Phillip Jap which tries to sound like Bowie in his "Hunky Dory" phase. Sylvester was once responsible for a disco classic with "Mighty Real". He's a fine singer, but this is a terrible song with possibly the worst percussion break I have ever heard on a 12". Avoid them both.

FARMERS BOYS: Whatever Is He Like? (Becks) More self-conscious hayseed wankiness from rock's answer to Emmerdale Farm. A scratchy record which suffers from completely inaudible bass. Can't make head nor tail of it myself.

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got the feeling you've heard it all a million times before. **(6 out of 10)**

David Bostock



CAPTAIN SENSIBLE: Women And Captain First (A&M) Or, in other words, the Captain Sensible Illustrated Hall Of Fame. Most of his heroes can be detected lurking in the wings — there's early Pink Floyd in the psychedelic pop stuff, old American flower-power in "Croydon", Jimi Hendrix in the endless wailing guitar solos (which employ a device known as a "wah-wah" pedal, believed to have been invented before the wheel, scrape of old Swing numbers, crumpled '60s love songs... all manner of life is here. There's even the odd "protest anthem" (anti-violence) thrown in for good measure. If you don't enjoy this album, you're not FUN! Is that quite clear? **(8 out of 10)**

Mark Ellen

KATE BUSH: The Dreaming (EMI) Self-produced and more than a year in the making, "The Dreaming" is Kate's stab at a Major Piece Of Work. The sound, best described as ethnic/operatic, relies on drums being flung to the fore and many a bizarre studio effect being employed to lighten the drama (no lack of drama). Kate's cat-like vocals (varying between sugar and spit) edge perilously close to parody much of the time but the whole effort is so full-blooded and carefully wrought that she gets away with it. It's good to see someone go over the top and come back in one piece. **(8 out of 10)**

David Hepworth

BUGATTI & MUSKER: The Dales (WEA) With material like Sheena Easton's "Modern Girl" and the "Grease II" film score to their credit, you might expect an equally slick and professional album. And it is. Remains of 'guest' musicians and singers wait huddling in the wings for a chance to dive into the party spirit and contribute to Arif Mardin's velvety production. From the haunting "Mystery Girl" through the raunchier "Survivor" and back to the melodic "Memories", no ground is left untrod for long. The loose, happy closing track, "Night Moves", makes for a lasting album that will be lovingly played and danced to in many a disco. **(7½ out of 10)**

Kimberley Leston

DANCECLASS: Danceclass (A&M) How can a band write a beautiful slow number like "Waves" and then fill the rest of the album with Joe Jackson/Jags-type power-pop? "Waves" aside, the songs aren't bad but the Newcastle quartet have no peaks, no oomph and no wallop. They're just tight and supremely average. **(4 out of 10)**

Peter Stockton

RUSH: Signals (Mercury) Like the rich, Rush live in a different world to the rest of us. We play Missile Command; they write songs about "Digital Man" and "The Analog Kid". We listen to pop music; they create a turbulent brew of synthesizers which sounds like second rate pomp rock with the added ingredient of a few half-remembered movie soundtracks. When Geddy Lee sings, he's utterly convinced about the value of his lazy adjectives, "Silver Leaves" anyone? No, thank you very much. How about "Scorching Blast"? Thought not. When Rush play, they give the impression that something momentous is about to happen. It never does, of course. **(4 out of 10)**

Peter Silverton

THE WHO: It's Hard (Polydor) As always, Pete Townshend's concerns are impeccably concerned. Personal falseness on the ungainly titled "Eminence Front". Poverty and the impossibility of abolishing it with a pop song on "Cooks County". The mixed feelings of "I've Known No War". As too often with The Who, it's wonderfully efficient music with both the consistency and lack of genuine thrill they've perfected. **(5 out of 10)**

Peter Silverton



SHEENA EASTON: Madness, Money And Music (EMI) Sheena, the wee Scots lass, is well on the way to becoming the biggest star this country has produced for ages. "Madness" is the next carefully considered step in the plan for eventual world domination. As expected, this is heavily Americanised with touches of Fleetwood Mac and Pat Benatar cropping up all over the place. Featured are the almost-hit single, "Machinery", some

lightweight rock in "Weekend in Paris" and the title track, plus a few Manilow-styled ballads like "In The Winter" and "Wouldn't Beg For Water". No doubt fans will love it but the more her prestige grows, the less I like her. **(6 out of 10)**

Beverley Hillier



HOLLY BETH VINCENT: Holly & The Italians (Virgin) Holly has obviously taken a lot of trouble to write poignant and meaningful lyrics for this, her first solo album. Very commendable. I'm sure but maybe her time would have been better spent getting together a good tune or two to go with it. Her distinctively whining voice sounds much like Chrissie Hynde with her head in a tin bucket. It doesn't do much to lighten the tone of the droning guitars and dull, pounding drums. It drains the album of humour and makes it sound some what dated. **(4 out of 10)**

Kimberley Leston

EYELESS IN GAZA: Drumming The Beating Heart (Cherry Red) With a tin guitar sound, harsh synth/percussion and a wailing vocal style, the Nunetion duo come over as a more harrowing version of OMD on this, their third LP for Cherry Red. Side Two is consistently bracing, dramatic and evocative but, in general, their songs — brief, intense sketches of rather wallowing sentiment — become slightly wearied. Still, they're interesting and quite 'desperate' but never very threatening, and this doesn't break any new ground. **(6½ out of 10)**

Jim Shelley

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG Palais Schaumburg (Kamera) This is an album of doomy, gothic experimental funk music sung in German. "Guile Luft" ("Clean Air"), with its lines "I Butter back and forth/The ashtray next to me/Above me and beneath me" and "Ahoi Nicht Traurig Sein" ("Ahoy Don't Be Sad") are quite enjoyable, but the rest of the album is self-indulgent 'arty' rubbish. It's produced by The Flying Lizards' David Cunningham but hasn't a trace of their fun or colour. I don't like it. **(3 out of 10)**

Peter Stockton

ALBUMS

PSYCHEDELIC FURS: Forever Now (CBS) Maybe it's complacency or just a lack of new ideas, but there has been little progression from their last album which, despite its patchiness, promised better things to come. They've abandoned the more wistful, raw-edged aspect of their music and still fall into their old habit of copying Bowie's more recent work. A listen to their current single, "Love My Way", should prove the point. Whether or not they can forge their own identity next time, remains to be seen. But for the moment... **(5 out of 10)**

David Bostock



THE FOUR TOPS: One More Mountain (Casablanca) Amateurs these boys are not. They've been in and out the charts since shortly after most of Madness were born. They cut steamy dancing love tunes then and they cut steamy dancing love tunes now. And yet there's little sense of formula to their work. Levi Stubbs has a voice of such snarling tenderness that he can do more than justice to any half-way decent song. An album of great moments — mostly Levi going 'naugh' — rather than a fulfillment of their potential genius. **(6 out of 10)**

Peter Silverton

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: The Real Deal (Epic) Uncomplicated songs in a standard soul/funk vein that veer from outwardly dance-orientated, "Shoke Your Thang" material to more tuneful, mellow numbers that bring their beautifully silky harmonies to the fore. All good stuff but you

the BELLESTARS

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evelyn king

LOVE COME DOWN

Love come down

No sleep last night
Been dreaming of you
Please hold me tight

'Cause I can't help the way that I feel
I just can't help the way that I feel
Deep in the night you took my heart
Now danger's in sight 'cause I can't help the way that I feel
I just can't help the way that I feel

Chorus

Baby you make my love come down
Ooh you make my love come down
Make it come all the way down
Ah you make my love come down

Baby you make my love come down
Ooh you make my love come down

Can't do without your tender love
There's no way out and I can't help the way that I feel
I just can't help the way that I feel

Repeat chorus

Inside of me you're around
Ooh you make my love come down
Baby you make, baby you make my love come down
Ooh you make my love come down
Make it come all the way down

Ah you make my love come down
Inside of me you're around
Ooh you make my love come down
Baby you make, baby you make my love come down
I can't help the way I feel about you baby
I can't help the way I feel all the way down
You make my, you make my love come down
You're around, when you're around baby, yeah
Baby you make, baby you make my love come down

Words and music by Kashif
Reproduced by permission MCA Music Ltd. On RCA Records

carly simon WHY

La de da de da
La de da de da
La de da de da
La de da de da

Chorus

Why does your love hurt so much
Why
Why does your love hurt so much
Don't know why

You know I loved you baby but all the while you just betrayed me
In the warmth of our bed
All the things that we said were

La de da de da
La de da de da
La de da de da
La de da de da

Repeat chorus

You said our love was sacred
But you left me alone to make it
You want to come back again some day
But darling here's what I say

La de da de da
La de da de da
La de da de da
La de da de da

Why does your love hurt so much
Why
Why does your love hurt so much

La de da de da
La de da de da
La de da de da
La de da de da

Why, why does your love hurt so much
You say come back again someday but darling here's what I say
La de da de da
La de da de da

Why does your love hurt so much
Don't know why
Why does your love hurt so much

Words and music by Bernard Edwards/Nile Rodgers
Reproduced by permission Chic Music Inc./Warner Bros. Music
On WEA Records



Mari Wilson bee-hives herself.
Mark Ellen lends her a comb.
Pictures: Steve Rapport.

cut above

mari wilson JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED

Let's go
He said he was giving me a haircut
That's just what I've always wanted
And then he said he'd give me more or
less
Of just what I've always wanted

But you don't give me anything
And I don't ask you
Just yourself is good enough
That's just what I've always wanted
Just what I've always wanted
Oh, just what I've always wanted

He said he'd make me a millionairr
That's what I've always longed for
With me Picasso, he'll give me a pair
of what I've always wanted

But you don't give me anything
And I don't ask you
Just yourself is everything
That's just what I've always wanted
Just what I've always wanted
Oh, just what I've always wanted

I've got a nink from Perla
A ring from Rosie
A whole new wardrobe in my name
A love from Teddy, an Ashworth ring
These are the landmarks of my life
I've got just what I've always wanted
(She's got just what she always
wanted)

But you don't give me anything
And I don't ask you
Just yourself is everything
That's just what I've always wanted
Bye-bye to fade

WILSON & WILSON: MARI WILSON
BY THE GARDEN OF EDEN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE
MUSIC CENTER, NEW YORK

Fancy a trim? Then step this way, dear reader, into that home of the heavenly hair-do they're all calling *Top Shop*.

Pass through an archway of neon bulbs, glide down a couple of escalators, drift past rack upon rack of identical knitwear and you're suddenly surrounded by the sound of scissoring. Rows of girls clad in green aprons sit among bottles of lacquer and tint. Signs on the wall proclaim the service on offer — "Curly Perming! Steaming! Plaiting & Beading! Straight Perming! Eyelash Tinting! Sunlayering!"

The list is endless. One imagines you could pop in there with a lime green afro and leave with a pink and blue mohican and no-one would take a blind bit of notice.

But then there's always the occasional *coiffure* that calls for a little more attention. A small knot of bargain-hunters have ceased riffling through the lingerie to attend to a rather strange spectacle in the hair salon. Someone is having a *beehive!*

They've possibly been alerted by the in store deejay on *Radio Top Shop*. "You heard right, happy shoppers, for in this very store this very afternoon is none other than the very wonderful lady who brought you this single (music). It's 'Just What I Always Wanted' . . . and she's . . . Mari Wilson!"

Indeed she is. Unmistakably so. She's reclining in one of their rotating chairs in a spangly lurax dress that clings like *Shrnk-Wrep* and with the kind of grin you could read small print by.

But the hair? It she looks as though she's either just seen a ghost or been recently plugged into the mains.

"It's not quite finished yet," I'm relieved to hear. "There's a little more becombing to do," claims Suzie, Mari's long-time personal hairdresser, who then sets about converting her normally quiet silken locks into something with the texture of candy-floss. Layers of hair are then twisted and pinned upright

until — after about ten minutes — the entire quivering mound has been finally set in place, assisted by frequent blasts of "New Bristow's — With Hold & Shine for Hard-To-Control Hair!" You almost feel someone should stick a little flag on the top, with a sign giving its height above sea-level.

"When I started out with the beehive," says Mari as we head back up to Oxford Street, "I used to feel a bit nervous about it all in public. Now I've really grown into the character of Miss Beehive," she adds. "It's totally ME."

And it's gradually become "her" over the last 12 months, since her career as a singer got off the blocks. Before that, raised in Neasden (really!) on a rich diet of early Motown classics topped off with enacting of *Beetles*, she always fancied the idea of singing but never quite made the move.

"Motown, with Diane Ross and Martha Reeves was another era, like now, when women were very much in the foreground," she



Trying out the vertical hold.



This isn't hairdressing . . . this is architecture!



Three cans of lacquer later.



points out, "but when I was 18 I just looked awful!" She's 25 on September 29th, incidentally. "A mere babe in arms."

Last year she was doing a few backing vocals in a London studio when a young songwriter, Tot Taylor, asked her to attempt one of his songs. "We all went 'Gee! That sounds like a GREAT idea,' like they do in old Cliff Richard movies, plugging their guitars into the sand. And it worked out fine."

Tot, a romantic at heart, had been looking for someone to perform his updated '60s pop tunes "and I was just what he always wanted," she chips in. "Oooh, aren't I corny?"

He penned a series of wonderful ballad and dance numbers — all about typical '60s things like getting stood up by boys, and generally having a rave — and Mari hit on the idea of the beehive (the starchy locks-aloft number favoured by virtually every girl pop singer pre-1984) in order to "look a little different." And it's stayed ever since.

Just to drive home the point that it was all a little far-fetched, Mari hired a 12-piece backing group to go on tour, a kind of souped-up modern dance band with saxophones, rollneck sweaters and grubby dinner jackets. She put out four singles, each of them gaining higher chart positions than the one before, but

none securing that crucial TOTP slot she so badly needed.

So the Mari Wilson sound was sent in for a servicing. What was the point, she reckoned, in having all these carefully worked out comic gags and cabaret turns on stage if the music simply wasn't punchy enough to get the message across?

Thus there were sackings. Several Wilsontons (as they were then called) were presented with their marching orders and replaced by more qualified musicians and a new producer, Tony Mansfield (once of the fearful New Musik), was hauled into sharpen up the studio sound.

Of course, die-hard fans have started complaining. "They say 'what's happened to the '60s sound?' Well it's really my hair that's given me the '60s image. I'm really like an '80s version of a '60s girl. I mean I don't go as far as wearing black eye-liner or white lipstick. In the same way I don't want the sound to sound too synthesized and tacky, but then I don't want it to sound too '60s either. It's a style of my own, I think."

"Diana Ross," she decides, "preaches Love. Well, I preach *Tipperware*." A reference, this, to the gorgeous sleeve of her new single, upon which our heroine is pictured in an exact replica of a '60s living-room clutching a mountain of plastic

containers (very trendy at the time).

"I've got a whole cupboard full of *Tipperware*," she claims, and I can well believe it. "I had this boyfriend once — I did, honest! — and it used to drive him absolutely mad. We were always having rows about how much *Tipperware* was in the place. We used to live just next door to the ABC cinema in Edgware Road, so every time we had a row I'd go off to the pictures. Never saw so many films in all my life!"

At times the Mari Wilson masterplan gets a little too elaborate for its own good. I mean, to the complete outsider, the volcanic hairdo's and the *Tipperware* might demand a little explanation before the humour filters through.

But it's working, though. And pretty fast, at that. For someone who's had precious little TV exposure she's certainly made a phenomenal impact on the public memory.

As we walk back down Oxford Street a girl thrusts a pencil and paper into her hands enquiring: "are you famous? She must be, is she reasoning, otherwise she wouldn't dare dress like that.

Mind you, Mari's had a fair amount of mileage from her friendship with Marc Almond. And there's no denying the twosome have a lot in common.

"He's ever such a nice bloke, he

Above: Mari Wilson and fellow pedestrian (Wonderdog by name): "Diana Ross preaches Love — I preach *Tipperware*!"

really is. When we did this video of his ('What'), I had to sit on this couch thing and he goes: 'what can I say when I still larve you' and it's ridiculous!

"There's me with my beehive and my gold lame dress on and him, he's only about six stone! And every time we'd do a take we'd both start laughing and he'd go 'oh ba seeerious!' and I go 'oh all right!'"

"I mean how can Marc Almond say 'we can fall in love over and over again' to ME?"

No, there's definitely nothing lacking in the publicity department. It's just the sales that could be increased. I'm not alone in wishing more people would investigate the Mari Wilson catalogue.

"At the moment," she admits, "I'm a cult figure, but I don't know how long I want that to go on. David Bowie is a cult figure but he's also incredibly successful. That's partly because there's still so many things people don't know about him. That's why I'm not going to tell you what type of washing powder I use."

To think we may never know...

CLASH

Garageband

One of the great things about the Clash is that they were so much more than just a band. They were a movement. They were a voice for the voiceless. They were the only band that could make you feel like you were part of something bigger than yourself.

They were the only band that could make you feel like you were part of something bigger than yourself. They were the only band that could make you feel like you were part of something bigger than yourself.

They were the only band that could make you feel like you were part of something bigger than yourself. They were the only band that could make you feel like you were part of something bigger than yourself.

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They were the only band that could make you feel like you were part of something bigger than yourself. They were the only band that could make you feel like you were part of something bigger than yourself.

ROOF! KEEP OFF!

OP
TLE

ROUS

★ Request Spot

ARTIST The Clash
TITLE Garageband
LABEL CBS
YEAR 1977

REQUESTED BY: Michael Green, Streatham, London



UB40

By Marty Gubbard

SWASHBUZZ



The Single

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WAR**

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Who was Johnnie Ray, as mentioned in Dexys 'Come On Eileen'?
Sue, Grantham.

Johnnie Ray emerged in the early fifties as a sort of cross between Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra and is thought of by some as the very first teen idol. Partly deaf in one ear, his best remembered hit was "Cry". Last year, CBS released a collection of his hits under the title "An American Legend" at which time Ray completed a series of club and pub dates around the UK.



"Poor old Johnnie Ray sounded sad upon the radio..."

Why is Simon Le Bon nicknamed "Charley" and are any of the other members of the band called by names other than their own (no jokes)?
Linda, Coventry.

Simon's called Charley because his middle name is Charles. John's sometimes known as J.T. because they're his initials, and Roger's jokingly called "The Frog" due to his intense love of snorkels and flippers. Nick has the name Ringo ("cos he hates it") and Andy's known as, simply "Sniffer".

Can you please tell me why there are eight models' names mentioned in the credits on Visage's album "The Anvil"? I can only see Steve Strange on both the cover and inner sleeve.
Margaret, Irvine.

The first 3,000 copies of the LP

came with a limited edition poster, featuring top models of different nationalities posing outside the famous Georges Cinq Hotel in Paris, and this is why the eight receive name checks. The same girls are to be found gracing the cover of "The Damned Don't Cry" (culled from said LP).

In the recent article on Yazoo, they talk about their "Psycho" song. Is this "In My Room" as heard on a Radio One session?
Garret Keogh, Dublin.

The track, which features snippets of violin and short synth bursts, is actually titled "I Before E Except After C" and is included on their debut "Upstairs At Eric's" album. "In My Room" was recorded specially for the Peel show.

Is it true that Richard Barbieri (of Japan) worked in a bank before he joined the band?
Japan Fan.

We're assured that Richard (24) has never taken up employment outside of the group, but joined them straight from school.

Can you tell me if Orange Juice have a fan club or info service?
Bev, Leyland.

A proper fan club is in the process of being set-up. In the meantime, you can write to the band c/o Ross, 12 Sciennes, Edinburgh, EH9 1NH. Enclose SAE and, they plead, wait patiently! The new single "I Can't Help Myself" is released on Oct. 1st.

Having been a devoted Skids fan since the day they formed, can you tell me Richard Jobson's plans for the future?
Mike Hope, Stockport.

From now until Christmas, he plans to tour the UK with an acting company called Paines Plough, who present a series of plays by young writers, interspersed with musical interludes (Jobson plays the ukelele). Having just completed a

demo, he also hopes to release a new single this Autumn on Virgin, plus two poetry and music albums through the Crepuscule label. Paines Plough play London's Bush Theatre from Oct 5-30th.

Is "Kites" still available by 39 Lyon St (otherwise known as the Associates) and if so, where can I get a copy?
A Billy McKenzie Chocolate Digestive

"Kites" was released on RSO Records in '81 but now that the label has changed its UK operation, it's doubtful you'll find a new copy anywhere. The band's lead singer then was Christine Beveridge who now fronts the Orbiddig, a recent addition to the Situational 2 label with their 45 "Nocturnal Operations". Meanwhile, Billy McKenzie's solo single, going under the banner of "Billy McKenzie Sings Orbiddig", is out on Sept 24th. Title: "Ice Cream Factory". Okay?



39 Lyon St

Can you tell me how many singles Peter Godwin has released?
J. Gilbert, Bristol.

His three solo singles were "Torch Song For The Heroine" (Oct '81), "Emotional Disguise" (Feb '82), with a new single "Cruel Heart" out on Polydor on Oct 15th. Due for release on the same day is "Broken Heart" by The Driters (featuring old-timer Johnny Moore), a single both written and produced by Godwin.

Recently I heard that the Stranglers' fanzine "Strangled" would be available from local newsgroups, but I can't locate it. Can you help?
Sarah Lake, Ulverston.

I will try! The planned distribution fell through due to the W. H. Smith chain's reluctance to stock the fanzine, but copies are available from their office at: S.I.S., The Old House, 32 Studios Road, Shepperton Studio Centre, Shepperton, Middx. TW17 0DJ. Cost: 50p (inc. P&P) or a year's supply of six issues for £3.00. The free fan club service also operates from The Old House; just enclose SAE with your enquiry.

On the Madness albums it says "special thanks to Chalky and Toks". Can you tell me who they are and what they do?
Denise, Portsmouth.

They're old friends of the group who started off by helping out at their first gigs around North London. Toks still works as a roadie, but Chalky is now an employee at a travel agency.

On "All In All (this one last wild waltz)" by Dexys, Kevin Rowland sings "Anduicid tu me san damsa fins". What does this mean?
A Devoted Soul Sister, Hornchurch.

If you lived in the West of Ireland, it might be your way of saying "Will you come with me in this wild waltz?". But Kev got his spellings wrong, it should go: "An droicfid tu liom san damshafian"...

Can you give me some info on Shack Records, Neville Staples (FB3) new record company?
Dave Pressland, Enfield.

Shack commenced operations early this Summer with the release of the Staples/Golding produced "It's A Brand New Day"/"Action Speaks" by local vocal group Splashdown. Pencilled in for November release is "To Your Heart", again by Splashdown with instrumentation by The Boys From Brazil. Demos are welcome, again enclosing SAE, at: Shack Productions Ltd., Room 1, Holyhead Chambers, Lower Holyhead Road, Coventry.

Can you tell me how old Captain Sensible is, where he was born and what he does in his spare time?
A Fan, Merseyside.

When asked, he told us to "mind your own business" but did relent to say he was born in a place called Zabolonabula and his leisure interests include drinking real ale at The Bridgehouse and being a "socialist worker". (The above to be taken with a large pinch of salt...)



Zabolonabula?

MAIDEN BRITAIN

Iron Maiden make a rare visit to home turf for The Reading Festival. There to greet them, a chicken leg in one hand, a can of lukewarm lager in the other, is Tim De Lisle. Pictures: Steve Rappoport.

Trying to find a couple of heavy metal guitarists on the Saturday of the Reading Festival is like looking for a needle in a haystack—or rather a blade of hay. Getting to the Festival site is hard enough.

Having finally got past the various ticket-checkers, picking two people you've never met out of the bedevilled hordes is something else altogether.

I peered without success through several curtain-style HM hairdos, gave up the search and headed for the backstage bar. Edging round someone's pet

nanny-goat (at Reading, you soon discover everything is a little out of the ordinary, except a lot of the music), I spotted a long thin back with "We are dental floss salesmen from Montana" written on it. This, is the flipside/punchline of the unofficial Iron Maiden US tour t-shirt, the front half being "No! We are not an English rock band . . ."

Inside the t-shirt was Iron Maiden's very charming American sound engineer. Pausing only to give a quick run-down of The Hassles Every

Sound Man Faces At Open-Air Gigs, he whisked me over to EMI's Hospitality Marquee and The Press Officer, who was sitting outside it enjoying what little sunshine was let through by five tank-like security men.

Within a few minutes I was led into the marquee, past a mouthwatering array of chicken legs, glasses of wine and peach flans, and up to a small table occupied by Steve Harris, Adrian Smith and several cans of Heinekens.

Reading's full title is The 22nd National Jazz and Blues Festival, but don't you believe the jazz bit. Annual general meeting of the heavy metal fan club would be nearer the truth. Of thirty acts on the three-day bill only Dave Edmunds and a very old hippie called, in all seriousness, Randy California (he went down a storm) could be described as anything but HM, or heavy rock as Steve Harris puts it.

As with all festivals, the event is much bigger than the music. The tents, the bikes, the bonfires, the bars, the queues for the Portaloo, the 150 stalls selling hamburgers and patches and a whole lot else, the general sense of camaraderie: it all adds up to more than just another gig.

It matters a lot to Iron Maiden to do well tonight. They've been out of the country since April, with no new records to keep things ticking over and no live dates apart from a couple of low-key warm-ups for Reading (at Poole and Chippenham). "And it's traditional, Reading. I mean it's been going for twenty-something years, hasn't it?" says Steve Harris. "We played here two years ago and it's amazing to be offered top of the bill."

The Press Officer said he thought this year's Festival was crucial to Maiden's future, a chance to "work out all the kinks" and establish

themselves as the best HM band around. Steve and Adrian see things a little differently. The other groups are colleagues and often friends, not rivals; they even asked for the Tygers of Pan Tang (tonight's main support act) to be added to the bill, and they'd like to see the Tygers get more of the metal limelight. All the same, Maiden are pretty keen up, keen to make it their evening.

Meanwhile the conversation turns to America, which is where the band have been these past three months. Compared to many British acts and considering they've only been making records for 2½ years, Maiden have made a lot of headway there. The last album "Number Of The Beast" has spent four months in the *Billboard* Hot 100, which in sales terms is equal to several weeks in our Top 10.

What's remarkable about this success is that it's been achieved in spite of a virtual boycott of the LP by the ultra-conservative US radio stations.

This means the only way to sell records is to go round the States and play to as many people as possible. Any other pop group—especially the gig-spy video stars of today—might blanch at the prospect of touring their way to the top. Not Maiden. They actually like driving all day and playing every night, often as support to Scorpions, 38 Special or some such giants of the US hard rock scene. "We're all mad," says Steve succinctly.

To prove the point, he mentions the ten-month world tour they're currently half-way through. It embraces four continents and over 200 shows. Already Maiden are the fourth biggest-selling act on EMI's books (after McCartney, Queen and Cliff Richard). If they carry on working this hard the much abused phrase world domination will begin to sound pretty accurate.



Bruce Dickinson and famous trousers: now you know how he hits those high notes.

Iron Maiden demonstrate novel use of eating irons. Left to right: Adrian Smith, Bruce Dickinson, Steve Harris, Clive Burr and Dave Murray.



Life on tour is made bearable by various things, but mainly by the rock star's traditional outlets. "It's mostly booze and women," Steve says. "I like going fishing, getting pissed — not at the same time — and he likes —"

"— tennis, football, films, TV," says Adrian, breaking out of his sleepy-eyed rictus. The Heineken must be getting to him. "We've got quite a nice bus," he continues. "Two videos, bar . . . we watch a lot of films. Comedy, something with a good story like *Midnight Express*, light-hearted stuff to wind down with. Richard Pryor too, he's brilliant, have you seen that *Str Crazy?*" (No.)

Do they read at all? Back to Steve: "Not as much as I'd like to. Who's that guy we were all reading? Tom Sharpe, that's it. *Wilt*. *The Wilt Alternative* and so on . . . I've read all of them."

Other people's music? "Def Leppard, the Tygers, Sabbath, Purple, Zep, Free, Tull, Yes, Humble Pie, The Who . . ." Er, anything by the chart bands, anything recent? "Well, I liked that Human League single," Steve says. "But everyone does,

it's a great pop song. You can appreciate anyone who's good at what they do."

They admit that with all the touring "your social life's pretty screwed up," but Steve is philosophical about it. "If you're gonna go for something, you've gotta give something up."

They're clearly enjoying the ten days they're spending in England before hitting the American road once more. "You really miss the food; you know, the tandoori, the curry. No, it's the people really, the English sense of humour, that's what I miss most of all. And my girlfriend."

So what are they like, these metal oxemen whose band is named after a medieval torturing device, who have a grey-skinned, sharp-fanged monster as their mascot and sleeve lettering that looks like dripping blood, who write songs about murderers, the devil and the children of the damned? Charming, that's what. Steve and Adrian are two down-to-earth and likeable guys;

the HM heroes you could take home to meet your parents. Their music might be narrow,

their outlook isn't. In spite of the bad press HM often gets, they're not hostile to trendier forms of music, saying only that the British scene's "a bit fickle", Top of the Pops "a bit disco-fied, it needs more variety, but at the end of the day you can't complain."

What do they see themselves doing in five or ten years' time? "We don't look that far ahead," says Steve quickly, like the responsible band-founder he is. Adrian grins and says, "Sittin' here, liggin'."

At the end of the interview, Steve has a question for me. Did West Ham win? Photographer Steve Rapport is a West Ham fan too, and he said earlier that they'd lost. As soon as I'd told Steve this I regretted it: "To Forest? At home? Oh no, I bet we have a bad gig now. We always do when they lose."

Not quite always. At 9.50, against a dramatic moonlit sky, Iron Maiden leuch into "Doctor Doctor", and it's plain straightaway that this is what the crowd had been waiting for. Egged on by a DJ playing Seventies rock classics and

telling them to "say hi to the person next to you, he's your brother", the hirsute masses are in the mood for something raunchy. Iron Maiden, with their road-drill rhythm section, chainaw guitars and over-the-top nasal vocals, know how to provide it.

Iron Maiden are thoroughly professional. A dazzling multi-coloured light show and black-and-white video screen (a touch of the Stones?) make the show a fine spectacle for everyone, not just the few who are squashed up at the front.

Even this viewer, who's never bought a heavy metal record in his life, can see that Iron Maiden are in a class of their own. They go along with the standard HM approach — studs, leathers, sexism, 'shocking' lyrics, a conspicuously dated sound, ludicrous posing, and PVC trousers so tight you can count the change in their pockets; but they also rise above all that, keeping their collective tongue well in cheek, having fun, giving pleasure, and making some very presentable records. That can't be bad.

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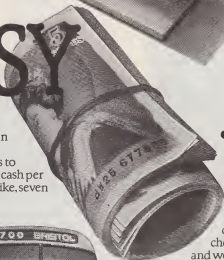
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JENNIFER HOLLIDAY



And I am telling you I'm not going
You're the best man I've ever known
There's no way I can ever get on

No, no, there's no way
No, no, no, no way
I'm living without you
I'm not living without you
I don't wanna be fake
I'm shaking
I'm staying and you and you
You're gonna love me
You're gonna love me

And I am telling you I'm not going
Even though
The rough times are showing
There's just no way there's no way
We're part of the same piece
We're part of the same time
We both share the same blood
We both have the same mind
In time, in time
We've had so much to share
No, no, no, no, no, no
I'm not waking up tomorrow morning
And finding
That there's nobody there
During there's no way
No, no, no, no way
I'm living without you
I'm not living without you
You see there's just no way

There's no way
Tear down the mountains
Yeah scream and shout
But you can say what you want
I'm not walking out
Wheel off the rivers
Fight back and kill
I'm gonna love you
There's no way I will
And I am telling you I'm not going
You're the best man I've ever known
There's no way I could ever, ever go
No, no, no, no way
No, no, no, no way
I'm living without you
I'm not living without you
Not living without you
I don't wanna be fake
I'm staying oh I'm staying
And you, and you, and you
You're gonna love me
You're gonna love me
Yes you are ooh love me
Ooh ooh ooh love me
Love me, love me, love me, love me
You're gonna love me

Words and music by
T. Sayers, Krieger
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... including the

PAUL WELLER READERS' Q&A

... dishing out trayloads of fizzy drinks ... singing very loudly and wearing silly hats
... sending Neil Tennant to the States to investigate ... interviewing

GENESIS *Kool & The Gang*

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RAK

50 AUTOGRAPHED YAZOO ALBUMS TO BE WON!

There's two types of Yazoo album available to the general public; those in shops with price tags; and those we're giving away FREE, signed by the fair hands of Vince and Alf.

Anyone fancying the latter — *thought* as much — need only apply themselves to this exceptionally tricky quiz. Jot the answer on a postcard and send it, pronto, to **Smash Hits Yazoo Competition**, 52-55 Camaby Street, LONDON W1V 1PG to arrive before September 30. The first 50 right answers will find signed copies of Yazoo's "Upstairs At Eric's" heading swifly in their direction.

Question: which of these is Alf's real name? a) Georgina Astrid Moyet; b) Susan Ballion; c) Kim Smith; d) Genevieve Alison Moyet.

UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S

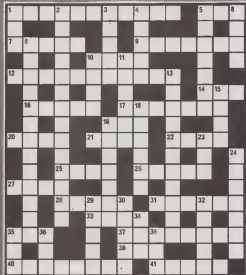
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 'E's Alright, according to The Firm (6,5)
- 5 '--- Of The Pops'
- 7 Rowland's rustic runners
- 8 'I Won't Let ---' (PhD)
- 10 TV play that featured Bowie
- 12 The voice of Vice Squad (4,7)
- 14 Jeff Lynn's bulb band (1,1,1)
- 16 'Party ---- Two' (Associates)
- 17 Patrice Rushen's label
- 19 Madness's was grey
- 20 'Work ---- Body' (Diana Ross)
- 21 Religious song -- as sung by Bowie in 10 across
- 22 'Do You Feel My Love' Grant
- 25 Village People's No. 1 (1,1,1,1)
- 26 T. Rome -- guitar-playing Bernie (anag)
- 27 Hissing sound attached to Backs
- 28 'The ---- Dies Screaming' (UB40)
- 31 Sex Pistol Johnny
- 33 Parts of Bette Davis hailed by Kim Carnes
- 35 Joan of --- (OMD)
- 37 Roy Lease -- small songster (3,5 anag)
- 39 'Murphy's ---' (Cher)
- 40 Imperial Bedroom' occupier
- 41 'I've ---- Been To Me' (Charlene)

DOWN

- 1 Portion of Iron Maiden that provides help
- 2 'John Wayne Is Big Leggy' hitmakers (5,8)
- 3 Half of those 38 down providers
- 4 Derek And The Dominoes' classic
- 5 Abba's was Super
- 6 Floydian colour
- 8 Survivor's cat vision (3,2,3,5)
- 10 They're in that Town Gang
- 11 'Is It ----?' (Classix Nouveaux) (1,5)
- 13 'White Satin' lady (5,6)
- 15 'Three Times A ----' Commodores hit
- 18 Lizzy's Phil
- 19 Hit group and a TV soap opera
- 23 'I--- You Die' (Gary Numan)
- 24 Are Buster's so Bad?
- 28 B Reel -- say it twice for a Bowie classic (anag)
- 30 Soft Cell said it before waving goodbye
- 32 Foster and Allen had a bunch of this
- 34 Part of The Searchers that sounds a bit weft
- 35 Alphabetical popsters (1,1,1)
- 36 Clash label (1,1,1)
- 38 'My --- Way' (Duran Duran)



Answers on page 57.

STAR TEASER



ELTON JOHN

The names listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — some of them are printed back-wards. But remember that the names are always in an unaltered straight line, letters in the right order, whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — always you won't need to use at all. Put a line through the names as you find them. Solution on p. 57

BITE YOUR LIP
BLUE EYES
BORDER SONG
CANDLE IN THE WIND
CRAZY WATER
CROCODILE ROCK
CURTAINS
DANIEL
DEAR GOD
DEAR JOHN
EGO
EMPTY SKY
FEED ME
FRIENDS
GOODBYE
GOODBYE YELLOW
BRICK ROAD

HARMONY
HONKY CAT
KILNITE GILL
JOHNNY B GOODE
LADY SAMANTHA
LEGAL BOYS
LEVON
LITTLE JEANNIE
LUCY IN THE SKY WITH
DIAMONDS
NOBODY WINS
PART TIME LOVE
PINBALL WIZARD
PINKY
ROCKET MAN
SAILS
SONG FOR GUY
STRANGERS
TACTICS
THE BITCH IS BACK
THE FOX
VICTIM OF LOVE
YOUR SONG

DCEMPTYSKYYDALSYBT
ADABLIIPNOVELROKISS
OOBNEENIOSSINNTRRD
RGDODIGBNBGCIEEOYN
KRCERLNIADOPIGCND
CACUAEAANNLEDNTOEIM
IEKAKTVAANLAYMCSLA
RDGCRCLOSERWRWLAGI
BONUASOELTJAIJINTD
WICOBYSRSHFEAZONGH
OPTKBESUESONLSAHST
LPIEEEEOIGLDMRTERNI
LSAUYTDXHPUIILTGWD
ERLRLOMODOCODETLIOY
YBEETUUAOYTFOECHLK
EFHTMTNRNGEIGCOIGS
YTROAIIICLEBABNOOVE
BTSIEWYMDILYKEOREH
DRFLEKYMEBPYNDHST
OAXNINEZOLCTBNNTNN
OPOOIADYAAOYPCHII
GHIPTFSSSTREVI MOOPY
GNOSREDROBCTEBERJC
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SADDLE UP

David Christie

Chorus Repeat chorus

Saddle up and ride your pony
Sit around and you'll be lonely
Saddle up and make the dust fly
Sit around and you will just cry

When the wind is blowing strongest
Check out from Haartbraek Hotel
Saddle up your horse and ride like hell
Saddle up and ride your pony
Sit around and you'll be lonely
Saddle up and make the dust fly
Get on your high horse and ride

No use imitating the Lone Ranger
You don't have to act just like a stranger
Hard times can easily drown you, go
Don't let blues surround you
Good times are there for the taking
Hit the trail there's no mistaking

Saddle up and ride your pony
Sit around and you'll be lonely
Saddle up and make the dust fly
Get on your high horse and ride

No use herding blues out rencho rancho
Put on your sombrero and your poncho
Don't stay where trouble will find you, go

While the getting's good
You'll find the end of a rainbow
Just as soon as you've understood

Repeat chorus

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REVOLUTION
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LONDON BOYS

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MARC 22EP

TRUCK ON (TYKE)
ZIP GUN BOOGIE
TEENAGE DREAM
LIGHT OF LOVE

AVAILABLE NOW



MARC 22EP

20th CENTURY BOY
DREAMY LADY
THE GROOVER
NEW YORK CITY

AVAILABLE NOW



MARC 23EP

TELEGRAM SAM
SOUL OF MY SUIT
METAL GURU
LASER LOVE

AVAILABLE NOW

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EMI

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And here's how to win. Just solve the 5 problems shown using your SHARP EL508A or EL509A calculator and complete the sentence "Great ideas come to life with Sharp because..." in the panel of judges considers to be the most apt, amusing and original way.

Send your answers on the entry form, plus the end flap featuring the model number from the box of your SHARP EL508A or EL509A, to Sharp Competition, PO Box 41, 35 Boldmere Road, Sutton Coldfield, W Midlands.

Competition closes 31 October 1982 and a list of winners and results is available from the competition address if you send a S A E within 6 weeks of that date.

1 Sample A: 15 30 1 2 12
Sample B: 10 18 9 4 20

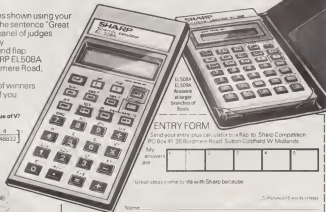
1. Which has the larger average, A or B?
2. Which has the larger Standard Deviation?

2 1981 wages: £2 800 p.a.
1982 wages raised to £339 w.
(for 52 week period)
What is the percentage increase?

3 $e^x = 1 + x + \frac{x^2}{2!} + \dots$ What is the value of V ?

4 $3^x - 20 + \left[\frac{56017.0008}{208347} (21 + 2) \right] \left[\frac{4}{\sqrt{248832}} \right]$
Find the value of 3^x

5 $R = \left[\frac{\sin^{-1}(\cos \frac{2}{3} + 3)}{\log 3} \right]^{-1}$
What is the value of R ?



ENTRY FORM

Send your entry plus calculator box flap to: Sharp Competition, PO Box 41, 35 Boldmere Road, Sutton Coldfield, W Midlands.

My answer is:

Great ideas come to life with Sharp because...

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The world of
SHARP
where great ideas come to life.



Name:

Address:

Signature:

Age: Parent/Guardian of under 16:

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Full ISP Rules available from competition address - postage will be refunded.

NATASHA

the boom boom room



Words and music by Judy Neman/Phil Rambow. Reprinted by permission Virgin Music/BlackH/Warner Bros. Music. On Towerbell Records

The door slides open
We look up hoping
Sam slips inside
A sweeter gloom

Chorus

In the neon shadows of the boom boom room
(In the neon shadows of the boom boom room)
In the neon shadows of the boom boom room
(In the neon shadows of the boom boom room)

He doesn't move far
Stands by the bar
Mixing whisky and wisecracks
With some of the rednecks
A couple drifts in
Mac sets up a gin
You catch an exchange
No questions, no names

Repeat chorus

When Lou blows his horn he thinks of his wife
He's not just a man he's a way of life
The kids think he's cool
They defend him at school
They know all the tunes
They'll be joining him soon

Repeat chorus twice

She keeps waiting
Reps rednecks
Red lacquer nails pit-a-pat on the bar
Ha's late, ha's late
But he knows she'll wait
She better start walking
If she can't stop squawking

Repeat chorus to fade

R.S.V.P.

Looking for pen friends? Send a postcard with brief personal details to
RSVP, Smash Hits,
52-55 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PF
and we'll do our best to help you.

● 13 year old female would like to hear from anyone aged 12-16 and into The Jam, FB3, Duran Duran, Deoxy, etc. If interested, write to Maura Linn, 27 Gleggarry Road, Perth, Scotland

● Two girls (Peany and Wendy) aged 16 seek two males. Must be into Spondau Ballet, Depeche Mode, Associates, etc. Martin and Gary Kemp lookalikes welcome! Send pics to Peany at 5 North Avenue, 3 Lane Ends, Castleford, West Yorks.

● My name is Dave, I am aged 19 and want to write to anyone, anywhere. I will do my best to answer all letters! Contact: Dave York, 30 The Meadows, Burbage, Hockley, Leics LE10 2BU.

● 15 year old girl wants to write to anyone aged 14-20. Likes Adam Ant, Duran Duran, The Police, Yazoo, discos, horse riding, etc. Write to me at Jenny Marsh, 5 Coopers Field, St. Martin's, Cewesbury, Struphshire.

● Nice girl is looking for a nice boy, aged 13-15. Fave pop groups include Deoxy, Duran Duran, Bucks Fizz, etc. Also likes The Kids From Fame but not a lover of punk or heavy metal. Interested? Then contact: Joanne Hutchison, 31 Sunningdale Avenue, Maripool Hemor, Derbyshire.

● I'm a 14 year old girl into HC100, Depeche Mode, The Beatles, The Jam, etc. Male and females aged 14 upwards, please write to Beverley

Leon, 16 Norfolk Road, Upminster, Essex RM14 2RF.

● I'm Australian and want to write to dedicated new romantics, especially those as gorgeous and modest as I am! You must love Duran Duran, Joplin, Dune Edna and John Taylor's eyes, Diallike, Rolf Harris, heavy metal and more. Scribble in a hurried fashion to: Lea McDonnell, c/o Poe Sta, Lyttelton Street, Castlemaine, Victoria 3450, Australia.

● Two Neumanoids (15 and 16), absolutely devoted to the man himself, want to write and swap badges, pics and everything else. We believe in dressing in the same way, too. If you are like minded, then write to The Machimen, 15 Commons Road, Cork, Eire.

● Hi, I'm 19 and would like to write to anyone who's into The Human League, ABC, Duran Duran, etc. Write to Mike at "Billville", Carnockindrom, Kilcurry, Dundalk, Co. Louth, Eire.

● Two 13 year old girls seek boys to write to. We like HC100, Dollar and lots more. We also like fashion, swimming and TV. If interested, write to Nadia & Sharon, 34 Currier Drive, North Hill, Milton Keynes, Bucks

● 17 year old punkette who loves all punk music wants penpals. Into going to gigs and women's rights. Please rush your photo to: Liz Beeg, 3 Nith Avenue, Fenny Stratford, PA2 0PE.

● 18 year old male wants to hear from any females aged 17-19. Likes include Madness, Soft Cell, Duran Duran,

Deoxy and more. Interested? Then write with photo to: Raymond Ingledew, 68 Cambridge Avenue, Marton, Middleborough T87 8EG.

● We are two girls (14 and 15), looking for two nice guys (15+). We're into Adam, Yazoo, Deoxy, Joplin and fashionable clothes. Pics welcome! Contact: Tessa & Nick, "Beachcroft", Bishop's Court Road, Clyst St. Mary, Exeter, Devon.

● I'm looking for mad people to write to me. I'm 17 and like most types of music, which must prove I'm mad! Drop a line to: Alison, 61 Newlands Road, Newlands, Glasgow.

● Two 13 year old Bowie and Queen fans would like two males aged 14+ to write to them. Only reply if you have a zany sense of humour, and preferably look like Sting, Julian Cope or Simon in Bon. (Don't hold your breath) — Ed! Legible handwriting please! Contact: Marion & Lisa, 1 Blunkbonny Crescent, Edinburgh EH6 3NB

● Bored with life? Why not write to three lousy girls whose interests in music include Japan, Depeche Mode, Soft Cell and Duran Duran. Write soon to Fleur W., Claire H. and Clara W. at 29 Coppall Hill Drive, Camberley, Surrey.

● I would like to write to boys aged 15-18 and preferably taller than 5' 8" I like jazz funk, Level 42, George Benson, Impassioned, etc. Also Duran Duran, Depeche Mode, etc. All jazz hankers, get writing to: Sue Vene, 117 Betterton Road, Rusham, Essex RM13 8ND.

TDK-AD.

You don't have to be rich to be successful. The price is basic but the quality can't be faulted. No wonder you see them everywhere. A must if you're recording on portable cassette recorders.

TDK-AD-X.

The 'special' version of AD. It will make your front room recordings sound like Phil Spector production numbers. Well not quite, but AD-X is almost certainly the best normal bias cassette you can buy.

TDK-SA.

The high bias cassette that's become as legendary as a Gibson Les Paul. The SA stands for Super Avilyn, a highly magnetic material invented by TDK that reproduces even the most extreme sounds with amazing clarity. Excellent at handling complex arrangements featuring many different instruments.

TDK-SA-X.

Has a dual layer of the aforementioned Super Avilyn to soak up even more sound and detail. In fact, all TDK tapes have this ability to accept a higher signal. Or in other words, you can whack the needle into the red without the sound breaking up. SA-X is the ultimate example of this in terms of conventional tape, but for really heavy metal—read on.

TDK-MA.

TDK's metal tape. The breakthrough (so far) of the eighties. It costs more than conventional tape and if you don't have a 'metal' deck, you'd be wasting your money. But the results are stunning. It is particularly good for rock music as it copes extremely well with the higher frequencies of a searing guitar solo and accepts the high input level of a band at full blast without saturation or distortion.

TDK-MAR.

The same metal tape as MA but with a reference standard mechanism that ensures total tape stability on playback. Quite frankly, it's such a beautiful piece of engineering you probably won't want to part with it.



CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON.

The TDK Battle of the Bands is now in full swing with a record number of bands trying to play their way through to the finals which will be televised to an audience of millions next Spring.

As sponsors of this year's competition, we are excited at being able to offer a stage for so many new bands and so much new music.

The avalanche of tape cassettes that flooded in from bands all over the country was staggering. Unfortunately, some of them were of a quality that did not do justice to the music.

So to all next year's entrants or to any group about to make a demo tape of their music, above are a few helpful words about the finest range of cassettes you can buy and how to use them.

 **TDK** The great name in tape cassettes.



"It all happened in Hollywood. One summer evening Mike Guss and Denver Smith came over to my house. We were talking about how much we loved music. Disco's always been my favourite. That night we decided to make a record.

"We figured we could be as good or even better than the Village People. At the time I lived in West Hollywood, or as the locals like to call it — Boystown.

"That night we became The Boystown Gang."
Now this isn't one of the band talking. It's producer Bill Motley on the Boystown press release. Forgive me for quoting it at length, but frankly, it's a lot more interesting than anything the band had to say.

As we sit sipping coffee in a plush central London hotel, the three singers you might have seen on *Top Of The Pops* trot out buckets of bilge that would make even Barry hang his head in shame. Try this quote from lead singer Jackson:

"Our aim is to share love, to bring all the people out of their depression and make them forget

about it all. If we can do that, it's wonderful enough for me."

Perhaps even more cringe-worthy is the following gem from Tom Morley, one of the two boys, spoken in a sickeningly sincere drawl:

"I had an art background in graphics, photography, painting — that kind of creative realm. To support myself I've also been a hairdresser, which is another extension of my art."

The Boystown Gang are, in fact, without doubt the most boring group it's ever been my privilege to interview.

Another point about the press release. Bill Motley has a lot more to do with The Boystown Gang than this tedious trio. They didn't form the band. They don't choose the songs. They probably don't even work out their own dance routines. In fact they work at a level of control that makes Tight Fit look like the Human League.

"Up to now we haven't had too much say," remarks third singer Bruce Carleton. "The record company decide everything. But we don't mind — it's a success!"



Bruce (left) and Tom chuckle at the snoozing Rimmer.

Possibly The Most Boring Group In The World

The Boystown Gang talk about Art, Expression and Being Very Creative. Dave Rimmer catches up on some kip.

In the course of your humble reporter's efforts to extract something even vaguely interesting from this leaden line-up, he fails to get them saying anything bitchy about Village People ("they have their type of music and we have ours"), finds out that they'd like to play live gigs "to make more money and reach more people", and only succeeds in recording the following unedifying exchange about their policy of only doing cover versions ("re-makes", as they call them):

Tom: "We're the forerunners in re-makes."

Jackson: "The others are only doing what we were doing a year ago."

Bruce: "Re-makes are a compliment to the song-writer. I think we might have to try out some new gimmicks though."

Tom: "But you have to get the audience's attention with something familiar."

Still awake out there?

Gleaning of previous employment proves to be a thankless task. Bruce: "Well, we all love singing. Our other jobs aren't really relevant." But it does seem that Bruce was once a computer programmer, Tom a

hairdresser, and Jackson a student at a Fame-type arts college.

Bruce was also once in a rock band called The Monacos. "Princess Grace and the..." quips Tom merrily.

Otherwise, they've all been session singers in West Coast studios, which is where Bill Motley recruited them. Since then they've been doing shows in discos all over the USA and Europe. What kind of show, I bet you're wondering.

Bruce: "Well, we do a medley of our songs, and talk to the people."

This death-defying extravaganza is carried out with the aid of backing tapes and lots of costume changes and lasts for about 45 minutes.

Tom: "In discos the attention span isn't really long enough."

Jackson: "Let's put it like this: tell everybody to come and see the show and share the experience of the Boystown Gang."

As it happens, we've just about reached the end of my attention span. Here's a final word from Jackson:

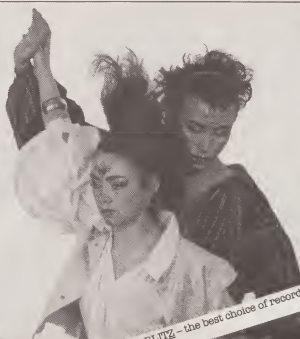
"I would say spread as much love as possible. That's the key." Oh really? Yeww.



Jackson piles up a few Zzzz's herself.

WOOLWORTH

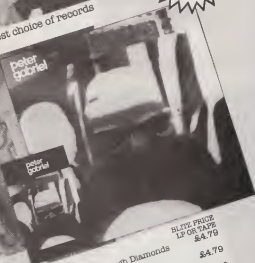
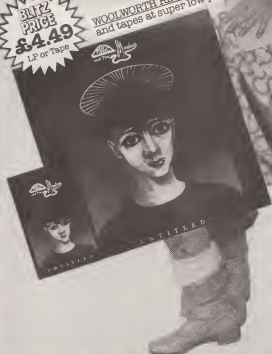
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OUT & ABOUT WITH BARRY



Relax, you lot. Barry's back (four fanfare noises, etc.). Bet you missed me terribly while I was off loafing in *La France* what with all the usual pop star hanky-panky and general disgraceful doings afoot and no-one doing the reporting. Go on, admit it, readers. You were green with envy. Thinking of Baz's bronzed bod astiride ye trusty scooter going for burn-ups on the beach, niding the wild surf, sipping all manner of fruit-filled drinks and having a bit of an all-round fling in *les fleshpots* of *Le Costa Del Sol* or *somesuch* v. *swanky* *vista*.

Wish I had, chums. Don't get me wrong, though, it wasn't that my hol was a complete flop or anything. Just that, ahem, things didn't quite go according to plan. For starters, pals, there was the rather tricky business of some unwanted extra luggage, namely Cousin Keith. You know, the old doughnut-brain that I showed you that v. grisly snap of a few

ishes back. Invited himself along 'cos of his "command of foreign lingo" and as yours truly — bit of a word-juggler though he may be — is not too hot on *la langue de francais*, I thought I'd better ask the twit along. Get old news-nose to order the fab mounds of exotic sea-food nosh and jugs of jungle-juice and then give him the slip, thought I (rather cleverly).

Anyway, chums, we've only just zoomed off *le bateau* when old ferret-features reveals that his "command of continental tongues" extends to three or four very rude words in German and a smattering of 'O' Level Latin.

Ter-riff. Tried out his German in this cafe where there *just* happened to be this coach party of burly footy-players from downtown Dusseldorf in merry mood and they proceed to give my trusty Vespa such a sound kicking that it finished up looking like a sardine can with a steering-wheel and took nearly ten days to restore to full working order. Needless to say, readers, relations 'twixt moi and old bird-bonce got a weeny bit strained and yours truly was a bit on the glad side to be back in the wonderful world of showbiz with all the fab and v. talented persons who are much more my kith and kin (nearly said Keith and kin. *Tres amusant*, eh?). Anyway, adoring public, let's press on to

matters musical . . .
 . . . like this bit of fisticuffs between *Annabella* of *Bow Wow* and that (rather dodgy) Scots chappie *B.A. Robertson* on his TV Show *B.A. In Music*. Turns out that *Annabella* got a teeny bit fed up with old concord-conk's deeply dull line of questioning (viz: *B.A.*: "*Annabella*, is it true you were discovered in a laundrette?" and other such v boring queries that ought to've been pensioned off years ago — along with *B.A.* — snigger!) and old egghead gets all stropky and started using words not normally heard on the national networks. Didn't understand any of 'em, me, but v. rude and embarrassing apparently.

Here's a tale. Now I'm modest about it, mates, but I reckon I'm a bit of a medic on the side. Detect a common cold at fifty paces, me. Tell the difference between water on the knee and yellow fever without even putting me bins on. So, *naturellement*, Doctor Baz became a bit suspicious when hearing that the *Associates* tour was delayed "cos *Billy Mackenzie* had got "pharyngitis". Strong rumours, too, that he's also suffering from that well-known *malaise* affecting ye singers of pop music known as "acute lack of rehearsals": "*Pharyngitis*", eh? (*loud puffs*). Wouldn't know a "pharynx", me, if it moved in next door and took up

pile-driving; so (*rude* noises) to that one.

Remember that *Stevie* chappie (*Soft Cell's* manager) your roving reporter is always having a winge about? Well he's back, amigos, and still up to his usual wacky trickers. Been touring with this v. grisly band by the name of *The Round town* in an attempt to encourage foolish record company blokes to get their cheque-books out and start offloading the old green and crinkles. Turns out he arranged to meet one major label big-wig at a bus-stop in Tottenham Court Road (not terribly sure why) and when he turns up, *Stevie* does a swift runner in the direction of Trafalgar Square clutching (no doubt unlistenable) tape of *The Under arm*, leaps upon one of the lions at the foot of *Nelson's Column* (not as famous as *Barry's* — kills me that!) and carries on negotiating v. important business deals from on the top of this stone creature's noddle. Needs his head examined, that's my view.

Hesitated to hear about "Fast" *Eddie Clarke* (once of greasy loons *Motorhead*) and fellow axe-grinder *Pete Way* (once of *UFO*). The international Baz hotline forever crackles with inside info about the twosome forming a group. Clever move, say I, seeing as both of 'em have just been

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booted unkindly into the ranks of the unemployed. Actually "Fast" (as I call him) has recently gone soaring up in the estimation of your v. upstanding end moral reporter seeing as he decided to jump off the good ship Moforhead on hearing that old crater-face Lemmy was recording with busty songbird Wendy O Williams (see *Bitz*). If the O Williams wardrobe catches on around here I'm emigrating, pals, and pronto.

Come again? Yer what? Readers, it pains mor to report that — even as I write — news arrives of a split in the **Altered Images** ranks. Official, *mes amis!* Tich has quit (very small drumming person) and with him, friends, guitarist Jim. They intend to form a two with some un-named bassist. Replacements for both are eagerly being sought and, as it happens, **Steven Lironi** has been roped into the six-stringed slot but the drum-stool's still going begging.

And this one's e bit of a brow-furrow. The Baz bush telegraph hears tell that dapper warbler **Geoff Deane** is thinking of packing the old travelling bags. Seems eil is not hunky dory in the Modern Romance camp at the mo and old Geoff is generally a bit miffed. Mind you he was all cheered up to meet country music crooner **Kev Rowland** the other jour. Bit of a mutual

admiration job, apparently. Kev had thought Geoff was a generally v. fab bloke and Geoff had thought Kev was a bit on the brill side for ages and neither had dared admit it! I find that rather touching, me, but then I'm easily moved.

Very moved to hear it's been eil wadding-bells and rice in the barnet for **Bono** of **U2**. Got hitched to his childhood sweetheart, **Alyson**.

Pity more pop persons don't make a clean break of it, I reckon. The next newsy item **Bazzer** brings is not for the faint of heart. The pic on the right, it grieves me to reveal, shows **Japan** bassperson **Mick Karn** and well-known amateur actress (giggle) **Hazel O'Connor** in e bit of a state of undress. Well, e bit of a state at any rate.

This, appalled readers, is part of a "video concept" to illustrate the old poser **Karn's** latest seven-inch disc called "Sound Of Waves" (very deep, note). Based on one of his cheapo sculptures of course. Wrong to encourage cheps like him I reckon. Give 'em a lump of clay or a video camera or **Hazel O'Connor** and they start expressing themselves eil over the shop and generally coming it a bit rich.

Here's the story of the single, chums (brace yourselves). **Mick** plays this dodgy bloke called "Rock Man", apparently who's

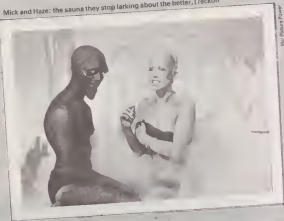
holed up in a cave, sees this v. sexy water-nymph, **Haze** (obviously lost his contact lenses or something) and starts trying to get e bit fresh. **Hurried** groping follows as **Karn** attempts to remove **Haze's** remaining rubber glove but — bit of e blunder — he's forgotten that she's a water nymph and doesn't function too terrifically well out of the drink. Next thing, **Haze** snuffs it which of course is a bit of a downer for **Mick** as he reckons he's rather in

with e chance here. Can't fathom it, me. I mean if **Hazel O'Connor** looks like a water-nymph then I'm e chicken-end-ham pie.

Anyway, enough of my witty banter, fun-lovers and back into the fray. As they say around here, "Clubland Calling"...

Cheers !!
Barry

Mick and Haze: the sauna they stop larking about the better. I reckon



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LETTERS

Scarlet McPherson?
Poor soul!
Devoted Madness Fan.

That's enough of that kind of talk...

OK. So B. A. Robertson's self-apolgetic interviewing style isn't exactly red hot. The real crime Annabella committed was in making an excellent point about women in pop music, and then totally exploding it by acting like a right twerp.

Just because she's so young doesn't mean I can forgive her for acting so immature.

Yeugh!
Dorrik Harlow.

My mind is bogging over a recent article in *The Sun* that said that Smash Hits is soon, very soon, going to be converted into a newspaper. In my opinion this would cause considerable problems in saving the collection. Also as it would inevitably (correct me if I'm wrong) be in black and white, many people would possibly lose interest. Think seriously before making any drastic changes such as this.

If you're going to make any changes put more interesting features on worthwhile subjects such as Duran Duran etc.
Gillian Marriott, Nottingham.

Relax. This rumour is completely without foundation.

My word, what a surprise. Duran Duran are in Smash Hits yet again! This must be every issue this year. Not only Duran Duran but Nick and company, Adam, FB 3, Bananarama, Japan and Madness. Have *Smash Hits* never heard of Visage? If so, then how about a story or a picture. I know they're only a part time group but I'm sure if you ask Steve nicely he'll let you interview him.
Phillip Powell, Southampton.

he's been spending some time with Genesis and the resulting feature will be coming up very soon. For *Dire Straits*, see page 20. As for *The Skids*, there's not much we can do about the fact that they've broken up. As far as *The Boomtown Rats* are concerned... er... could you repeat the question?

'ere. Do you know that I've passed my English Language and Maths 'O' levels one whole year early?

Now me, being the brain that I am, thinks I deserve a £5 Record Token for all my hard work. Don't you?

Fad's Gadget. Stoke-on-Trent.

Nice try.

Wot! Does Captain Sensible think he is? Quote:

"Well hello Adam, how you bein'?"

I sold stand aside cos I'm feeling mean.

Well I've had a gutful but I'm feeling mad.

So you're an ugly old pirate and ain't I glad."

For a start, he isn't a pirate anymore, or is the Captain so obsessed with sticking his tongue out all the time that he doesn't know?

Secondly, if it wasn't for the likes of Adams, Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten and Malcolm McLaren (who started it all) he wouldn't be a punk, and there would be no Damned at all.

Pete Rhodes, Hereford.

I'm writing to tell you how disgusted I felt (and still do) on hearing that the *Blondie* concerts had been cancelled due to the lack of tickets sold.

After reading that they had four dates at Wembley Arena; and others around the country, I wondered why the concerts couldn't have been reduced in the first place, and then, if the demand for tickets was great, the concert dates could then be expanded.

This would have saved money and given devoted fans a chance to see *Blondie* (which was one of my dreams). Disgusted
Ex-*Blondie* Fan,
Slough.

It certainly seems wrong that devoted fans like you still should be penalised because a band can't sell enough tickets to fill a big venue that they shouldn't have been playing in the first place. Take a £5 Record Token and dry those eyes.

I had to write to you and air my views on what must surely be the most thoroughly awful group since the wonderful *Bay City Rollers* (remember them?), *MODERN ROMANCE*. Yes, the creeps who brought us "Everybody Salsa" and the

absolutely ghastly "Queen Of The Rapping Scene" and whatever else they did that I have mercifully forgotten.

But the reason I write is that last Thursday I did turn on the TV and I did see my dear friend David Jensen (as he likes to be known) And that last nearly curl up and die, for what did casual my ears but the sound of a frightful bald man playing someone's authentic golden trumpet. And it was *MODERN ROMANCE*!

Yes, the blond ponyce one and he with the moustache in shorts and a sailor's cap... but I will not go on—others suffered, I have no doubt.

And as for *Haircut One Hundred!* Why, listening to them is like being submerged in a vat of semi-paralytic Nicholas Parsons.

And so it goes on. The *Kids From Fame*, *Captain Sensible*... the list is endless.

I demand a refund.
Bring on David Bowie.
The Wounded Pen, Bingley.

See Nick Heyward on *TOTP*?

God, how does he do it? Sing without moving his lips and play guitar without touching the strings. Well, I don't know.
Nick Rhodes Lower, Manchester.

Thought I might just inform you I used to live down the very same drive that Kevin Rowland & Co bopped down on *TOTP* the other week.

Yes, little 'ol' me used to live down Brook Drive and regularly go into *Vi's Store* for my sweets. Days certainly know how to make a video, don't they?
Corinne Lambert, London.

OK, fellow Numan fans of the world, I wanna tell you a story.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, in the little town of Stockton, a young girl was walking down the High Street and feeling extremely bored with the music business until she heard a wonderful sound coming from the town's local place of worship (record shop to you).

She went forth into the Holy Shrine and bought the sacred object from which the music was playing (the first *Tubeway Army* LP in case you ain't got your brains in yet) and took it home.

Since that fateful day in '78 she became a loyal follower of King Numan and his music; she bought all his singles and albums and to put it simply she idolised him.

That was until one wet and windy day in late August '82 when, feeling rather bored, she decided to play all her Numan discs from the very first *Tubeway Army* offering up to Mr Numan's sweet effort. Whereupon the dear sweet child started throwing large heavy objects about.

You see, after comparing Gary's earlier material to his latest stuff she realised that his music has reversed its molecular

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AC/DC: Leeds Queens Hall (October 1).

Asia: Wembley Arena (October 27).

Au Pairs: Coventry Warwick Uni. (October 5), Sheffield Poly. (8), Manchester Poly. (13), Glasgow Night Moves (14), Edinburgh Herriot-Watt Uni. (15).

Black Slate: Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom (September 30), York Uni. (October 6).

Buzz: Hickstead Cinderellas (September 24), Treforest Polytechnic Of Wales (25), Aberystwyth Uni. (28), Bristol Poly. (30), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (October 1), Birmingham Uni. (2), Bath Uni. (4), York Uni. (6), Warwick Uni. (7), London Queen Mary College (8), Loughborough Uni. (9)

Cimarons: Sheffield The Limit (September 16), Colwyn Bay Pier (17), Preston Snootys (18), Middlesbrough Raffles (20), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Glasgow Mayfair (23), Liverpool City of Liverpool College (24), Wolverhampton Bilston Rising Star (27), Basildon Reguells (30), Slough Community Centre (October 1), Torquay 400 Ballroom (2), Middlesex and Herts. Country Club (6), Nonwich Pennys (7), Nottingham Ad Lib Club (8), London Venue (9), Westfield College U. of London (11), Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel (15), Manchester Uni. (16), Brixton The Fairdeal (17).

Cross: Yeovil Preston Centre (September 16), Exeter St. Georges Hall (17).

Elton John: Newcastle City Hall (November 2, 3), Edinburgh Playhouse (4, 5), Dundee Caird Hall (6), Glasgow Apollo (7, 8), Sheffield City Hall (10, 11), Liverpool Empire (13, 14), Blackpool Opera House (15, 16), Manchester Apollo (17, 18, 19), Birmingham Odeon (21, 22, 23), Cardiff St. David's Hall (25, 26), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (27, 28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (December 3, 4), Southampton Gaumont (5, 6), Brighton Centre (7), London Hammersmith Odeon (9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24).

Fashion: Liverpool Uni. (October 20), Glasgow Tiffanys (21), Newcastle Poly. (22), Loughborough Uni. (23), Manchester Apollo (25), Hanley Victoria Hall (27), Norwich UEA (29), Aylesbury Friars (30),

Birmingham Odeon (31), Bristol Colston Hall (November 1), Southampton Gaumont (2), Cardiff Uni. (3), Guildford Civic Hall (4), Darby Assembly Rooms (5), Sheffield Lyceum (6), Exeter Uni. (8), Brighton Dome (9), London Hammersmith Odeon (10).

Kid Creole & The Coconuts: Dublin Stadium (September 30), Belfast Leisure Centre (October 1), Aylesbury Friars (5), Hanley Victoria Hall (6), Nottingham Rock City (7), Sheffield Lyceum (8), Lancaster Uni. (9), London Lyceum (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12, 26, 27), London Lyceum (November 21, 22).

Kool And The Gang: London Victoria Apollo (October 15, 16, 17), Manchester Apollo (19), Birmingham Odeon (20).

Level 42: Dunstable Queensway Hall (September 16), Chatham Central Hall (17).

Matumbi: Manchester Hacienda (September 16), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (17), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's (October 19), London Venus (20).

Mike Oldfield: London Hammersmith Odeon (September 16).

Pointer Sisters: London Oomilion (September 21, 22).

Simple Minds: Brighton Top Rank (September 17).

Squeeze: Sheffield Lyceum (October 23), Hull City Hall (24), Edinburgh Playhouse (25), Newcastle City Hall (28), Bradford St. Georges Hall (27), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (28), Salford Uni. (30), Lancaster Uni. (31), Birmingham Odeon (November 1), Nottingham Rock City (2), Cardiff Top Rank (3), Reading Top Rank (5), London Hammersmith Palais (8).

Tears For Fears: Hastings Downtown (September 16), Bournemouth Midnight Express (17), Manchester Poly. (22), Leeds Warehouse (23), Liverpool Warehouse (24), Glasgow Maestros (26).

Kim Wilde: Bristol Colston Hall (October 5), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (6), Scarborough Futurist Club (7), Newcastle City Hall (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Aberdeen Capital (11), Dundee Caird Hall (12), Edinburgh Usher Hall (13), Southport Theatre (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Manchester Apollo (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Gloucester Leisure Centre (21), Paignton Festival Theatre (23), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (24), Brighton Dome (25), London Dominion (26, 27).

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His father works some days for fourteen hours
And you can bet he barely makes a dollar
His mother goes to scrub the floors for many
You'd best believe she hardly gets a penny
Living just enough, just enough for the city

His sister's black but she is good and pretty
Her skirt is short but Lord her legs are sturdy
To walk to school she's got to get up early
Her clothes are old but never are they dirty
Living just enough, just enough for the city.

Her brothers smart he's got more sense than men
His patience's long but soon he won't have any
To find a job is like a haystack needle
'Cause where he lives they don't use coloured people
Living just enough, just enough for the city.

His hair is long his feet are hard and gritty
He spends his life walking the streets of New York City
He's almost dead from breathing air pollution
He tried to vote but to him there's no solution
Living just enough, just enough for the city

I hope you hear inside my voice of sorrow
That it motivates you to make a better tomorrow
This place is cruel nowhere could be much colder
If we won't change the world will soon be over
Living just enough stop giving just enough for the city

Just enough, just enough for the city
Just enough, just enough for the city
Just enough, just enough for the city

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GILLA

DEPECHE MODE

SMASH HITS

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